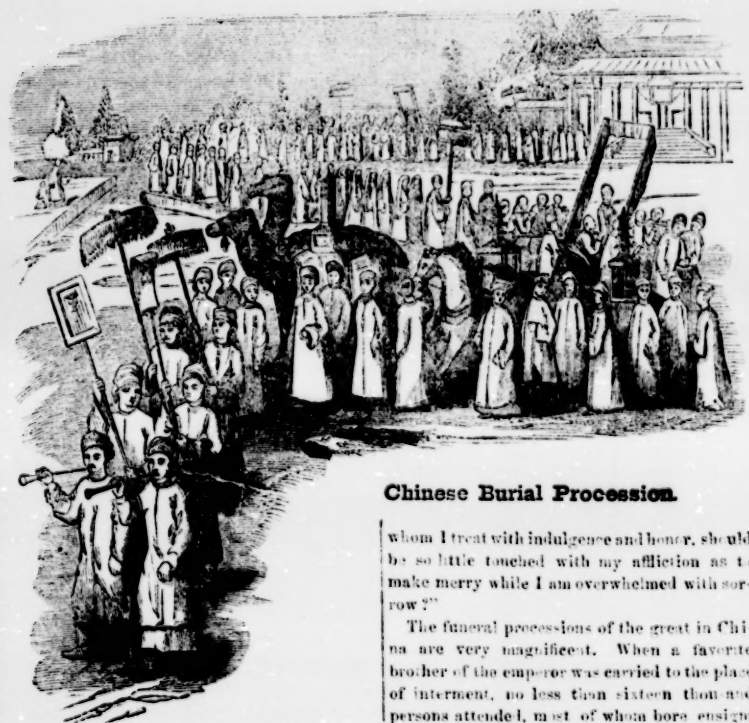




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[WHOLE NO. 216.]



Chinese Burial Procession.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

The reign of Taou-kuang—the most eventful that has occurred in the history of the empire—was brought to a close by his death, on the 25th of February, 1850, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and the thirtieth year of his reign. It is said he fell a victim to the severity of the rites with which he celebrated the death of his mother-in-law, the empress-dowager, who preceded him by thirty-one days.

Taou-kuang is succeeded by his fourth and only surviving son, but nineteen years of age, who ascended the throne, as the seventh emperor of the Manchow dynasty, on the day of his father's death, under the title of Yih-Chu.

A public mourning in China, especially for the death of an emperor, is observed with the deepest solemnities throughout the whole country, for it is not, as in Europe, an optional ceremony to put on the outward symbols of sorrow, but the whole nation is bound, by both law and custom, to exhibit the same tokens of grief for the loss of him who is in a figurative sense the parent of every individual, as each would display on the death of his own father or mother. On the death of the sovereign, despatches announcing the event, written in blue ink, which is emblematical of a royal demise, are immediately forwarded to all the provinces. The hearse of the deceased is then taken to the place of interment, where the mourning is observed with the same solemnities. The hearse is a long, narrow, low carriage, drawn by a team of oxen, and is surrounded by a thick wall of white cloth, which is decorated with the name and age of the deceased, and a vast number of white lanterns, are carried in the train. The coffin is surrounded by a canopy, and followed by the chief mourner, dressed in a garment of sack-cloth, fastened round his waist with a cord, and a cap of the same material with a white bandage. He is supported by his brothers, or two nearest relatives, after whom succeed in a numerous procession, the friends and relations, all habited in coarse white cloth, some on foot, others in sedan chairs covered with white serge, these being mostly the females of the family, who utter loud lamentations the whole way. One of the principal objects in the procession is the tablet, which is sometimes carried in a gilded chair, and is taken back, after the interment, to be placed in the hall of ancestors. At the side of the tomb are erected temporary buildings, of mat or bamboo, where refreshments are laid out on tables by the attendants, while the friends are making sacrifices and burning incense at the tomb. If the deceased has been a mandarin of high rank, it is not uncommon for his sons to remain several weeks on the spot, living in bamboo-huts, that they may renew their expressions of grief, and make new offerings each day to the manes of the departed, and, in obedience to the injunctions of the ancient sages, "sleep upon straw, with a sod of earth for a pillow."

Kang-hy had raised successively three princesses to the dignity of empress, and on the death of the last, to whom he had been exceedingly attached, he commanded that all the great officers of state should go in turn to weep and prostrate themselves before the coffin, while he shut himself up alone to indulge his grief. Being afterward informed that four of the gentlemen of the bedchamber had been seen eating and laughing together when they ought to have been sunk in sadness, he banished them from the court, and deprived their fathers also of their employments. "Is it to be suffered," said he, "that my servants,

whom I treat with indulgence and honor, should be so little touched with my affliction as to make merry while I am overwhelmed with sorrow?"

The funeral processions of the great in China are very magnificent. When a favorite brother of the emperor was carried to the place of interment, no less than sixteen thousand persons attended, most of whose horses denoting the rank of the deceased, or offerings to be burnt at his tomb. Trumpeters and music-bearers, umbrellas and canopies of cloth of gold, standards, camels and horses laden with sacrifices, the coffin under a large yellow canopy, borne by eighty men, princes, princesses, mandarins, and bonzes, made up the great and imposing spectacle.

The reigning family have some very magnificent places of sepulture, one of which is in Eastern Tartary, near the city of Shiyang, four or five hundred miles to the northeast of Peking. It is there that the bodies of Shun-chie, and his father, the great conqueror of the Chinese, are entombed; and several mandarins of the Manchow race reside there to take care that the tombs are kept in order, and to pay the customary honors, and make the sepulchral sacrifices at the proper seasons. The tombs are built of white marble, in the Chinese style of architecture, and the large space of ground on which they stand is surrounded by a thick wall with battlements, as though the builders had feared that the sacred spot would have need of defence.

The Chinese, whatever may be their rank, make as much display as they can possibly afford in their funeral rites. The procession is usually extended to a great length, and preceded by solemn music: the melancholy tones of an instrument resembling the Scottish bagpipes, being accompanied at intervals by three strokes of the drum. White standards inscribed with the name and age of the deceased, and a vast number of white lanterns, are carried in the train. The coffin is surrounded by a canopy, and followed by the chief mourner, dressed in a garment of sack-cloth, fastened round his waist with a cord, and a cap of the same material with a white bandage. He is supported by his brothers, or two nearest relatives, after whom succeed in a numerous procession, the friends and relations, all habited in coarse white cloth, some on foot, others in sedan chairs covered with white serge, these being mostly the females of the family, who utter loud lamentations the whole way. One of the principal objects in the procession is the tablet, which is sometimes carried in a gilded chair, and is taken back, after the interment, to be placed in the hall of ancestors. At the side of the tomb are erected temporary buildings, of mat or bamboo, where refreshments are laid out on tables by the attendants, while the friends are making sacrifices and burning incense at the tomb. If the deceased has been a mandarin of high rank, it is not uncommon for his sons to remain several weeks on the spot, living in bamboo-huts, that they may renew their expressions of grief, and make new offerings each day to the manes of the departed, and, in obedience to the injunctions of the ancient sages, "sleep upon straw, with a sod of earth for a pillow."

Always speak of a man as you find him.

THE OLD CHAPEL-GRAVE YARD.

Sketches of a Visit to Bishop Meade.

The morning sun shone in beauty over the place, And in the radiance of its light, no shadow you could trace. For 'neath the graceful hilloaks which caught its earliest ray, There was no mound to mark a spot where man in silence lay: No death was here a stranger, save in the faded flower, Or in the grass, which quickly springs to wither in an hour: They faded, yes, they faded, death too, what he could pain, And covered with gentle flowers the hill-side and the plain: But in each drooping petal was a life which would not die. That soon from out the form of death looked upward to the sky. Today the scene is changing, they may no longer lie, Comrades in beauty, beneath the calm blue sky. And slowly through the churchyard, is borne with solemn tread, The cold still form, the pulseless heart, the features of the dead! Well may the sun less gladly—although as brightly—shine, Well may the earth in sadness her vision'd hopes resign—For death has gained a trophy, which sin, the conqueror, gains not. And o'er the lofty brow of man, his pallid edges wave, Far, far beneath the furrow the ploughman oft hath made. With sighs and bitter weeping, immaterial man is laid, The day goes by in sadness, the sun sinks to the West: And on that lone and cherished mound, his parting glances rest. That first-made grave, how long it lay beneath the glorious sun, How long before another and another lay was run, There are no stones to tell the tale, no name cold and grey. To tell what year, what month, what hour, these loved ones passed away, There's one—neglected, not forgot—unnoticed and unknown. Whose elegance and manly grace amidst our statesmen shone! Beneath your white armed squire, whose old and stately form, Has borne full many a summer's bloom, full many a winter's storm, Have sped for generations gone, the living, kind and true. And o'er their graves the years passed on, the petal-wreath green— On some above the dark green leaves the solemn marble gleam. And tell of days which we call old—so distant do they seem. Some features we have never seen, some voices never heard. But still when looking on their graves affection's cords are stirred, For there repose in youth and age, our own, our kindred dust. The ashes of the beautiful, the noble and the just: Then think of this ye living, and view with gloom and dread, The homes of these frail bodies from which the souls have fled: Eye hath not seen the glories, the ear hath never heard, Nor heart of man imagined the bliss which is conferred When through the courts of heaven, redeemed, secure and free, The ransomed of the Lord shall pass, His majesty to see: "The dead in Christ shall first arise" and from these silent graves, Where now the grass luxuriantly, in graceful beauty waves, The forms we've seen in death's embrace, unconscious of our loves, Shall rise before our longing eyes, meet for the realms above. This hallowed spot, 'tis beautiful, when o'er yon mountain's height, The early risen sun looks forth to fill the world with light— And dew drops on each grassy grave, sparkle beneath its ray. Emblems of life, so bright, so fair, so soon to pass away, 'Tis beautiful when quiet noon rests on the tranquil scene That solemn pause we all must feel the morn and eve between. And when the lengthening shadows fall in silence o'er the place, And sunset clouds upon the tombs their light so softly trace, But lovelier far, more deeply felt, is the sweet twilight hour, When in the east the calm full moon comes forth with gentle power, The voiceless graves, the peaceful earth, in language still and soft, Breathe o'er the mind, and fill the heart and lift the soul aloft. Some passed away "in youth's bright morn," nor knew that death was nigh, Until with sure and sudden stroke he closed the sparkling eye: And thus he laid our loved ones low, 'til in the burial ground No vacant place for other forms within its walls was found. No longer may you ancient tree its stalwart branches spread, In fatherly protection o'er all our cherished dead. But yet its shadows often fall across the paths around, Which mark the lots—some vacant still—of the new burial ground. We've known them all, we've loved them long, these tenants of the land;

And proof hence, each one has left a "broken home—hold hand." Their generations yet survive, and busy thought oft brings "The words, the looks, all vanished now" which round their memory clings. They are gathered, yes, they're gathered, and soon our eyes will see Beneath the turf our feet have pressed, beside our cherished clay— But there's no sadness in the thought if Jesus is our friend! He leads us through this portal to joys which never end. Mark you the fading flowers, when chilling winds sweep by! They fade to bloom in beauty beneath a fairer sky. And thus will men triumph, at the last trumpet's sound, Clothed in a Savior's love, to live beyond the dust: How many scenes have passed o'er them, and yet they sleepers sleep. In that unbroken dreamless rest which death alone can keep. Then time and tenderly we pray, with this old burial yard, Hours which have measured o'er each green grave laid out its precious guard.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY THEOPHILUS STAGS.

On the island of Nonnenwerth, on the Rhine, stands a ruined convent. On all sides the bold rocky shores of this renowned river tower to the sky. On every almost inaccessible peak the moss-grown turrets of many a ruin, look down on the pleasure parties bent on visiting the scene of some romantic story. Directly opposite the island, high on a bold flung crag, stands an ancient castle, fast disappearing, and crumbling to decay.

In the summer of '48, I visited this spot, and walked, without a guide, over the ruins of the convent. Never before had such a lovely sight greeted my eyes. The ivy-crowned helms, the highly ornamented arches, the old pile gradually sinking to the dust under the attacks of the ruthless hand of time, had a peculiar interest for me, as I was then a student of the history of London life, and the gay metropolis of France.

The stillness of the evening, cast a fearful feeling o'er my mind. The murmur of the Rhine, the song of the German peasant, echoed and re-echoed by the rocky banks of the river, sounded sweetly, while now and then the ring of merry laughter, came to my ears from the village at the foot of Roland's cack. Thus, with all my senses steeped in forgetfulness, my mind pictured to itself the days of yore, when the tower opposite me might have been owned by some robber-baron, and a hundred ruffian followers. Up the winding pathway of the hill a glittering troop were passing. I seemed to hear the tramp of the bit, the ring of the steel, and the clang of the trumpet; gradually they disappear in the wide yawning gully, and as the last horseman enters, the heavy fall of the portcullis, and the rattling of the chains of the draw-bridge, sound drearily through the mountain.

Then I seemed to hear the sweet vesper bell, and obedient to the summons a train of nuns emerges from the convent, and crossing the garden, disappears in the chapel; from whence issues the delightful music of the evening hymn. Thus, in pleasant reverie, I spent three hours of that summer afternoon, and was about to depart without the least knowledge of the romance of the place, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder and an aged peasant thus addressed me:

"Stranger, I have been watching you for some time, and I perceive that this beautiful scene has worked upon you powerfully. There is a strong tie binding yonder castle and this convent; if you think it would be worth your while to listen, I will tell it you, for I love to relate the legends of the Rhine."

Having my curiosity thus excited, I readily complied, and following the peasant I was soon seated on a fallen pillar in the grave yard of the convent. Near by under a cypress tree were two graves, and directly opposite was the little tower, which, though high above us, almost in the regions of the clouds, could be distinctly seen. My companion after permitting me to observe these things spoke thus:

"Many, many years ago, long before either you or I were born, Peter the Hermit, traveled through Europe, as you well know, preaching the crusades. In the course of his journeying he came hither, and in yonder little village, under the market cross, spoke such soul-

stirring words, that all the fighting men of the town, pledged themselves to march to the crusades, under the command of the Knight Roland. For many days before the marching of the little band, our village was in a high state of excitement. The blacksmith's hammer, and fire were going night and day, busily employed in mending armor and other implements of the warfare of that age. Sad partings were performed on the last night, many vows were made, many tears shed. But saddest of all, was the parting of Ellen and Roland.

"We Germans have an instinctive reverence for everything connected with the legends of our fatherland, and the places hallowed by such stories, are pointed out by father to son, from generation to generation, until the present day. By this means yonder pretty oak, you see by that tongue of land, is still shown as the last resting place of the lovers.

"The night was a beautiful one, and the moon silvered the Rhine as it swept by tower and convent. Under the oak stood the daisied, with parted lips and eager countenance, awaiting the coming of her knight. A shallop leaves the shore, nearer and nearer it comes, until at length the figure of a warrior in complete panoply of steel is seen standing in the bow. On his bow rests a helmet over which nodded and danced a milk-white plume. The gentle maiden immediately recognized her lover, and as he sprang on shore rushed into his arms. Oh! that I could pen the burning words, the ardent looks that followed. But the long drawn sword I must leave. The last vow was spoken, the last kiss taken, the last loving pressure of the hand given, and as the bell of the convent rang out the hour of twelve, the knight stepped into his boat, waved a mute adieu and was gone.

"That night with waving of banners, and clanging of trumpets, and blessings of priests, and shouting of men, and waiting of women, the band of sturdy men-at-arms swept down the mountain-side. The leader turned but a moment to wave a last kiss to the dwelling of his mistress, then plunging his spurs into the flanks of his charger, rushed down the flinty road and soon joined his followers.

"A gallant sight was that little troop of horsemen as it wound slowly down the pathway. The moon tipped each spear point with light until it seemed like a star. Now and then as the band emerged from the shadow of some high precipice, the lurid shields and helmets of the warriors reflected the rays, and as it wound in and out in its tortuous path, it seemed like a glittering serpent, until lost in the distance the trumpet and the ringing steel were heard no more; then anxious towns-people returned home wishing them a hearty God-speed on their journey. But time flies, stranger, and I fear I weary you, so I will hasten my story.

"Gallantly did the warriors of the Rhine fight the battles of the cross. Acres' walls rang with their war cry. The plain of Ascalon thundered with their furious charges. And in the foremost ranks, in the thickest of the fight, waved the plume of the victorious Roland. Until on one ill-starred day, surrounded by foes, he was struck to the ground and still fighting bravely was taken prisoner. For twenty years he languished in the dungeon of the Moslem. The boy had become a man, but still in his bosom his love burned steadily, and the image of his loved one was still fresh in his heart. The twentieth year saw his release, and still fresh, with vigor unimpaired and, heart yet undaunted, his war cry again rang over the battle field, and his banner was again foremost in the fight. In the storming of Jerusalem, sword in hand Roland first mounted the walls, and placed the holy standard of the cross on the ramparts so long polluted by the presence of the infidel.

"Turn we to Nonnenwerth. After the capture of Roland and the temporary dispersion of his followers, a fugitive soldier carried the tidings of his supposed death to his vassals. Ellen heard, and life lost all its allurements. Roland dead, all else was as nothing, and sick of life, sick of companionship, she entered the convent and took the veil, thus irrevocably severing all her connections with the world.

"The spring of the year came and with it the Rhine land blossomed. The war was over, but no lord had yet returned. In fact all hopes of his return were at an end, when one bright day a clanging trumpet was heard, and a troop

of battered men-at-arms rode into town. Their leader's armor was dented and hacked, his plume shorn off, and his banner in rags. These were Sir Roland and his crusaders. Changed and battered as he was, his vassals knew him, and both he and his followers were welcomed with frantic joy. The leader was still the noble, open-hearted German baron—who could tell him of his loss? Who so cruel to break to him the awful news? With all the ardor of youthful love, he directed his steps to the well-known threshold. All was darkness and emptiness. He calls the name of his beloved aloud. He uses all the endearing terms which a lover only can, the bleak rocks and high precipices alone answer. Frantic with grief he enters a boat, darts across the Rhine, and learns his fate. He became a changed man. One day the inhabitants of the little village saw a tower gradually rising from the cliff as if by magic.

Soon it was finished, and then Sir Roland, summoning a few trusty followers, gathered his spoils the relics of many a hard fought battle and deposited them there. There he hung his armor and his good sword. Above all floated his blood-stained battle-worn banner. From the turrets of his castle he used to watch the garden of the convent below, where often Ellen might have been seen. But one day she came not, week followed week, and no Ellen sauntered on the walks. Then the bell of the convent rang out the mournful peal of the dead. Like a beautiful sensitive plant, Ellen sickened, drooped, and died under the touch of the clammy hand of death. And Roland soon followed her. Once again were his followers called together. There, clad in complete armor lay their lord on his bed tossing in delirium. Again he fought his battles, again was his war cry heard, until wearied he sank in death, murmuring the name of the loved one.

"Long afterwards was the tower considered haunted. Thus guarded by superstition from the ruthless hands of memento-seekers, the armor rusted on the wall, the spoils rotted and fell to the dust, and the banner was destroyed by moths, and naught remains but the crumbling walls of the tower and convent, and those two graves, where Ellen and Roland lie side by side."

So saying, he bowed respectfully and left me, lingering long around the spot. I strewed the twin graves with flowers, and muttering a prayer for the repose of their souls, I returned to—. On the next day I left Germany.—I visited Rome, Venice, and Florence, and amid the grandeur of the coliseum, and the church of St. Peter, the simple beauty of the island of Nannoverth, and the Rhine were forgotten, but when I reflected on the mournful life of Roland and Ellen, I wept!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SOPHIA MOWBRAY; OR

Life's Sunshine and Life's Clouds.

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL'S WELL, THAT END'S WELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

The package still remained sealed, and Mowbray continued ignorant of its contents. He had the assurance of the dying gipsy that he was innocent of the murder, of which he stood accused, but his mind was still in doubt as to the truth of the statement. Did he not see the stiffening of the limbs, the rolling of the eye, and hear the shortened breathing of his antagonist? Could he doubt his own senses, and take the mere statement of Fitzgibbon? But, why should he doubt him in this particular, when all else had proven true?

He resolved to give himself up, and stand the test of a trial. It was due to the Commonwealth if he was guilty; it was due to himself if innocent. If guilty, then he could meet the stern rigor of the law, for he had learned to trust in a higher power than that of man, and although the penalty might be death, yet he did not fear those who could kill the body, for he had committed his cause into the hands of that Being who could cast both body and soul into hell.

He would not break open the seal himself, or allow any of the family to do so. He argued that the MSS. simply could not avail him much in a court of justice, while it might raise hopes.

"Like the uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."

Why should the golden bowl be presented to the lips only to be shattered the next moment into ten thousand fragments?

Alas, how short a season of happiness was experienced by that reunited family! A moment sunshine dawns upon their destiny, and then the day spring of their happiness is hid in darker clouds. How could they be joyful, when such a gloomy, dismal night hung above the head of one so dear to them by every tie of nature?

Mowbray submitted his cause in the hands of a distinguished Lawyer, with the injunction that naught should be said of his chances for acquittal, until the trial came on.

The whole country was in a fevered state of excitement—every paper was filled with some fanciful sketch of the scribbler's own imaginings; at the corners and in the bar-rooms, the mystery connected with Mowbray and his family, was a topic for general comment; how much of truth was mixed up with their gossip we would not venture to state. Doubtless some of the many stories floating around had an admixture of truth, but the major part of them had no foundation whatever. Mowbray's counsel waved examination before the board of magistrates, and was only desirous that his client should have as speedily a hearing before a

jury of his countrymen as possible. His reasons for urging this matter were both practical and charitable.

The day set for the trial came at last—with hope bordering on fear, the prisoner took his seat in the dock. Before him was his wife—his daughter—and the aged patron, whose locks the snows of many winters had frosted over. How full of anxiety was each countenance! If to die was all, Mowbray would have gladly yielded to its stings—but his heart sickened as he contemplated the distress of those he loved dearest. How it wrung him to despair!

The trial proceeded; witness after witness for the prosecution testified to the fact of the murder, and recognized in the prisoner at the bar, the person in altercation with the deceased. It was a plain case, and the vast concourse who had gathered to witness the prosecution, shook their heads as if they deemed it a hopeless cause. But their sympathies were enlisted in the trial, and a low murmuring was constantly kept up, to the great annoyance of the court.

All except the attorney for the defence were a sad expression upon their faces; the same calm, confident smile rested upon his features throughout the whole period of the examination.

At length the prosecution was completed, and the attorney for the defence arose.

"May it please your Honor," he remarked, before proceeding further with this case, I have papers in my possession which I would be pleased to offer in testimony, if your Honor will examine them, and decide upon their admissibility. If allowed as testimony, I will rest the cause here, without a word."

The Judge took the package, and carefully examined the papers. Handing them back to counsel, he remarked, "they are strong evidence for defence, but according to usages of the court, I am compelled to rule them out."

"Then," said Counsel—"I am forced to that which I would have prevented, if these papers had been admitted."

"Will Mr. Blackadder walk into court?"

Commotion—commotion! Why this commotion—why this fevered excitement. Why so much difficulty in restoring silence.

"Mr. Blackadder, will you please make your statement to the Court and to the Jury?"

"Gentlemen—I am the person for whose murder, Mr. Mowbray is arraigned," the witness paused—a universal shout of exultation made the welkin ring. The wife, rushing forward, clasped the neck of her husband, the daughter laughed hysterically, and a fervent thank to God, was ejaculated by the aged sire.

When silence was once more enjoined, Mr. Blackadder proceeded. "I was but the tool of Fitzgibbon, who hired me to engage in a game of dice with the prisoner at the bar, and when the game had reached its most intoxicating point, it was agreed that I should charge Mowbray with using loaded dice. This I did; he resented it, and as preconceived I gave the first blow at the same time—drawing from its concealment a large dirk; Mowbray saw the movement, and seizing my arm, endeavored to wrench from my grasp the weapon. I prevented him, and turning the blade upon myself, inflicted a slight wound in my side. The blood flowed freely, and I fell in the arms of Fitzgibbon, who pressed to my lips a goblet, which contained a mixture, known to the gipsy race, to produce an effect resembling death. Soon I felt its effect upon my limbs. My eyes rolled wildly, and my breathing became shorter and shorter. I know that Mowbray was gazing wildly on my pallid cheeks, and I felt his hot breathing, as he leaned over me in an agony of despair. I heard the crowd pronounce me dead, when Mowbray, with a demoniac yell, bounded from the room."

"The coroner's inquest was held over my body. Witnesses were examined who testified to the altercation and to the murder, it was deemed unnecessary to hold a post mortem examination—and my body was delivered to Fitzgibbon, who took the responsibility of burial. The jury found a verdict of death, by the hands of Charles Mowbray."

"I lay in this trance, three days and nights. When I awoke, I was in a room of a large, unoccupied house in the suburbs of the city. There was no one in the room except Fitzgibbon. From that hour I assumed a new character, and went forth to do the dirty work of the gipsy chief, as changed in personal appearance as never to be suspected. By forged notes, we succeeded in robbing Mrs. Mowbray of all her husband's large estate. By a ruse we succeeded in impressing her publisher with the belief that she was a 'plagiarist,' and thus deprived her of one means of support. By pilfering at the different houses, where she obtained sewing, we impressed her patrons with an idea that she was dishonest, and therefore was not worthy of their patronage. Thus, having cut off all means of support, our last act was an endeavor to rob her of her virtue. I attempted her capture, but in this was unsuccessful. I have repented of my folly, and am here to day to do a simple act of justice. If the MSS. had been sufficient, I would not thus have exposed myself; but the Judge has ruled it out, and I am here, as the last chance of saving an innocent man, and restoring him to his family."

At the conclusion of this statement there was not a dry eye in the vast assemblage. The jury, after an absence of a few moments, returned with a verdict of "not guilty!" The Judge discharged the prisoner, and the scene that ensued can be better imagined than described.

Cedargrove is rejuvenated. The whole place presents to the eye a picture of beauty, and we can see in all the various arrangements the hand of her who was "last at the cross, and

first at the sepulchre"—and whose whole life is made up of deeds of love—peerless woman!

Blackadder has lived in retirement in the suburbs of a more northern locality, and we have cause to believe, has fully repented in sackcloth and ashes, the deeds of his earlier life. Of the other hirelings of Fitzgibbon we have no reason to speak, but doubtless they have long since answered before the bar of an offended Jehovah, for the crimes committed, while sojourning here on earth.

The aged sire lives over again his earlier days, in company of his children, and often dangles with the flaxen curls of Sophia, No. 2—the offspring of a marriage between Ida and the grandson of an old friend of the aged Stalting. All goes merry as a "marriage bell," and having sought and found the pearl of great price, they can each truly exclaim with warm hearts, devoutly,

"Oh, to know the love of Jesus!"
E. N. D.

Religion—What Is It?

BY HENRY HEBBER.

Is it to go to Church to-day,
To look devout, and seem to pray,
And ere the morrow's sun goes down,
Be dealing slanders through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace?
Does not a phiz that smiles at sin
Oft veil hypocrisy within?

Is it to make our daily walk,
And of our own good deeds to talk,
Yet often practice secret crimes,
And thus mislead our precious time?

Is it for sect or creed, to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right,
When what we wish is at the best,
To see our Church excel the rest?

Is it to wear the Christian's dress,
And love to all mankind profess,
And treat with scorn the humble poor,
And bar against them every door?

Oh, no, Religion means not this;
Its fruits more sweet and fairer—
Its precept this: To others do
As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear all ill report,
And seems with human woes to sport—
Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good, or keeps it still.

And does religion this import?
Then may its influence fill my heart;
Oh! haste that blessed, joyful day,
When all the earth may own its way.

Miscellaneous News Items.

A PICTURE OF THE NEW YORK FIVEPOINTS.

The New York Express has the following: A report recently made to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry by Mr. Halliday, shows that on the block where the House is located there are 46 front and 113 rear buildings, which contain 382 families and 1520 persons, viz: 906 adults and 614 children; of these are 812 Irish; 218 Germans; 160 Italians; 159 Poles; 12 French; 9 English; 7 Portuguese; 2 Welsh, and 10 Americans, besides 36 colored persons. The Irish, it will be seen, more than double the number of all other nations. Roman Catholic families 1062, Jewish 287, Protestants 113. Out of the other 614 children, but 166 attend school, and of the adults, 605 can neither read nor write.—The number of prostitutes is about 50 and are nearly all Irish and colored, not a white American. The number of floors in the 59 buildings is 171, having 738 rooms arranged into 381 apartments. In many instances two families occupy one suit of apartments, and in several cases three Italian families, consisting of from 10 to 15 persons were found occupying a small room for all purposes except sleeping, the bed room being only 8x10 feet. In one case 11 adults and 9 children were found in an apartment but sufficient for four persons. There are 33 basement tenants, most of them 8 or 10 feet below the sidewalk. Liquor is sold in at least twenty places. One of these corner of Cow Bay and Worth street is represented as the most infamous den on earth except its duplicate at Crown's Corner, opposite. On Sunday, Jan. 23d, between 10 and 3 o'clock, 547 persons entered the first place and 509 the other making in all 1054, viz: Men, 450; women 415; boys 82; girls 68; many of course entered more than once, and were counted each time. The entire assessed value of the property (not including the house) is \$176,300, and the gross rental is \$31,103.44. The assessed value of one building is \$7,800, and it is rented for \$135.25 per month. In one house on Center street the property is assessed at \$1,000, the owner rents it for \$500, the tenant sublets it for \$68 50 per month or \$822 per year. Of the persons in the houses, 550 were under 15 years of age; 143 between 15 and 20; 350 between 20 and 30; 195 between 30 and 40; 125 between 40 and 50; 55 between 50 and 60; 35 between 60 and 70; 1 of 72, 1 of 74, 1 of 82, and 1 of 100.

STRIKE AMONG THE EMPLOYEES OF THE JACKSON RAILROAD DEPOT.

The New Orleans Crescent of Saturday last, says:

The question of the North vs. South, has taken a serious shape at the Jackson Railroad depot, in this city. Mr. Albro foreman of the carpenters' department, having been discharged by the master machinist, the carpenters working under him held a meeting, and decided that his removal was not owing to any fault in his duty, but owing to the master machinist, whose object was to introduce Northern men to take the place of faithful Southern workmen, residents and tax-payers of this city, as well as to introduce a new-style Northern truck, much more expensive than trucks manufactured here. Agreeably to the spirit of

their resolutions, politely framed, adopted and published, the carpenters quit work.

This strike, or other things connected with it, seems to have alarmed the company; whether justly or not we cannot say; but the company yesterday applied to the authorities for assistance, and last night a special posse of police was detailed to the duty of watching the depot and workshops of the railroad on Calhoun street. The only opinion we have been able to form upon what we have heard about the matter is, that the call for the police to watch the factories and depot, originated in either a widely superstitious fear, or an intention to insult bitterly the workmen, who in their strike had the decency to give their reasons therefor and to publish the same. We understand that the carpenters striking number about fifty; and we hear also that the other workmen of the company in this city, numbering over two hundred, sympathize strongly with the carpenters, and will probably join in the strike, if the difficulty be not speedily adjusted.

A SOUTHERN SCENE.

It is so seldom that the real truth respecting the social condition of the Southern slave appears in the Northern Republican press, that we take pleasure in clipping the following paragraph from a letter in the Newark Advertiser, a republican paper:

I remained at Savannah eight days in sight seeing, and while there attended the races, a few miles from this city. There were to be found on the grounds hundreds of well-dressed negroes, with purse in hand, ready to bet upon various sums on their favorite nags. Certainly a more happy, careless set are seldom found, and I could not help contrasting them with the almost naked and starving blacks we sometimes meet at home.

Last evening, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen from the hotel, I attended a negro ball. The females were dressed in the extreme of fashion, with gold watches, bracelets and other trinkets gleaming among the folds of their dresses—in fact, all that go to make up the dashing females—and the fashionable airs they assumed were amusing to behold.

FEARFUL ASCENSION.

Prof. Wells attempted to ascend in his balloon, on Saturday, which came near proving disastrous to him. The balloon having been inflated, he stepped into the basket and gave the word to "let go," and was not obeyed, but immediately afterwards, when he was not ready they did "let go," and the wind blowing from the West, the balloon, with lightning speed, was borne upwards, he swaying forward and back with but one foot in the basket. It first struck a wood pile, then a fence, then the side of Coosa Hall kitchen, then the eaves of the kitchen, knocking off the shingles, and afterwards the eaves of the Coosa Hall, when it threw him some five feet from the basket, and he dangled in the air, holding mainly by his hands to the ropes. With great presence of mind, on arriving just over Coosa Hall, while some eight feet from the roof, he swung loose from the balloon, and dropped on the roof.—Had he not done this, he would have been borne into the air, and a horrible death would have awaited him, as he was holding by his hands, whose strength must soon have given out. A large crowd was present, anxious to see the ascension, and all were greatly relieved when he alighted safely.—Wilmington (Ala.) Spectator.

JACKSON COUNTY (N. C.) MINERALS.

One of the editors of the Franklin (Macon Co.,) Observer, who is also Assistant State Geologist, says:

"We spent last week and a part of the week before in Jackson county. Our examination of the mineral deposits of that county was highly satisfactory. Jackson county is rich in Copper ores. Some veins have been recently discovered that promise a large yield of an excellent quality. There are already eight veins opened, all of which produce yellow copper and are capable of yielding a large amount.—But with the present facilities for transportation, they cannot be made available to any great extent unless furnaces be erected and the ores smelted on the grounds. The materials for such operations are abundant and convenient and we hope to see capitalists take hold of these properties and bring their valuable contents into use."

TEXAS GOING AHEAD.

Texas, says the New Orleans Picayune, has become the favorite point sought by the adventurous and enterprising of all the States. Population is increasing with unexampled speed. Lands are rising in value with every year.—The resources of this magnificent State are rapidly developed. Her cotton production shows extraordinary progress. She has already produced sugar to the extent of thousands of hogheads and tens of thousands of sheep and cattle, and the time is not distant when her product of wool will surpass the most flourishing of the older States, and the amount of her stock sent to a Southern market exceed that furnished by the great valley of the West.

THE MISSOURI RAILROADS.

The railroad bill appropriating \$1,480,000 to the Pacific, \$900,000 to the Iron Mountain and \$750,000 to the Southeast Branch of the Pacific Railroads, passed the House Tuesday afternoon, making a total addition to the State debt of \$3,130,000. The previous appropriation of \$1,000,000 to the North Missouri Road is not included in this bill. This leaves upwards of \$1,000,000 in the Treasury as a sinking fund for the payment of the State debt.

KILLED HIMSELF BUT DID NOT INTEND IT.
The Halifax Echo of last Friday gives the following account of an unintentional, and rather accidental suicide.

We learn that a man named Thomas Faulkner, residing South of Dan, in this county, came to his death some few days since by hanging himself. The circumstances of the case, as related to us, are as follows:—Faulkner was in the habit of taking a "wee drop too much of the critter" and while in this condition seemed to delight in scaring his wife. On this as on previous occasions, he declared his intention of hanging himself. This he had done before, and had tied the rope to the joist and then around his neck, always taking care however, to have it long enough, so that in stepping from the chair, box or whatever he used on the occasion to elevate himself, he would easily reach the floor.—On this occasion, he tied the rope too short and when he stepped from his elevation, instead of reaching the floor he broke his neck.

DREADFUL DESTRUCTION OF LIFE.

Through the Savannah News, of the 17th inst., we learn that the Steamboat, S. M. Manning, plying between Savannah and Jacksonville, on a recent trip exploded her boiler on the Ocmulgee River, which caused the destruction of thirteen lives. The annexed extract of a letter in the News, explains the occurrence, &c.

JACKSONVILLE, March 14th, 1860.

Dear Sir: This morning I wrote the editors of the Pulaski Times, informing them of the dreadful blow up of the steamer Manning. I have just seen Mr. Wilson from the wreck, half after eleven o'clock to-night. He states every thing is deplorable. Capt. Taylor is saved, his son lost, the two engineers saved; B. Williams saved, but badly injured. Mr. Spencer Davis, wounded; Joseph B. Williams, John Hawel and Jacob Parker, passengers from our county, lost; pilot saved; nine negroes lost, all of the crew. The boat is now lying opposite Gen. Manning's place. The cargo generally damaged, and the boat sunk.

Yours truly, A. T. DOBSON.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

This convocation takes place at New Orleans on the 11th of April next. Five hundred delegates are expected to attend. The City Hotel there has been engaged for delegates until they go to private houses, and the establishment engages to entertain 25 delegates free during the session. A friend furnishes us the following information, which will be interesting to those attending this Convention:

Delegates will be returned free over both the great routes leading to New Orleans, viz: The Mississippi line, which connects Jackson with the Tennessee lines, and the Mobile line, which connects with the Georgia Railroads.—It is said that over the former route the trip from New York to New Orleans will be made, by the 1st of April, in less than four days.—Some of the Louisville packets have agreed to take delegates down the river at two-thirds their usual rates, and all the line, it is expected, will do the same; while, by an arrangement made with the steamer Emerald, by the Cincinnati Association, delegates will be taken from that city and back for \$30, with the privilege of boarding on the steamer while in New Orleans, if they desire to do so. This steamer leaves Cincinnati on the 3d April, at 5 P. M., and New Orleans, on her return trip, on the 16th or 17th—occupying thus about three weeks, and giving ample time for members to attend all the sessions of the Convention.

Thomasville Shoe Factory.

We spent a part of a day last week at Thomasville, and were shown by the Messrs. Lines through their extensive Brogans manufactory. The operations which are carried on in this factory are upon an enlarged scale, for we saw brogans piled up enough to shoe all the negroes of a Southern State, that were manufactured of the best materials and superior workmanship. The Messrs. Lines informed us that the design was for a pair of their brogans to wear a laboring man or negro one year, and judging by the materials we saw the workmen fashioning into shoes, we believe that they will at least wear so long. The sole-leather used is of the very best, with two bottom soles to each shoe, besides the inner sole, giving an outside thickness of a full half-inch; the upper-leather used is also of the best and most durable quality, and nothing inferior is allowed to be in any manner used in manufacturing a shoe. The workmen, about forty in number, now employed in this establishment, have been selected for their skill and thorough knowledge of the business. The establishment is supplied with machines, tools and all the appliances which modern invention has discovered to facilitate the rapid manufacturing of shoes—which will enable one workman to perform more work in a day than four can turn out by the old method. The Messrs. Lines can, upon short notice, fill any order that might be sent them,—and they would enlarge their operations and supply all the Southern States with their brogans the next year if they can secure the trade of the South, which they desire to furnish. We are acquainted with Northern-made work—the best of which is inferior altogether to that we have attempted to describe.

The dealer who buys "Lines' make of Brogans" will not only sell all out clean and make a good profit, but his customers will return to him again and require to be supplied with "Lines' Brogans"—Ireld Express.

Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1860.

Congressional Proceedings.—St. Patrick's day.—The new dome of the Capitol.—Bishop Spaulding's lectures at the Smithsonian.

During the past week Congress has been engaged in the usual routine business. Several bills have been discussed, among the most prominent is the homestead bill which will come up in the Senate in a day or so; it is thought that not more than two or three Southern Senators will vote for it, and the question is asked whether the President will not veto it? On last Wednesday Hon. Mr. Curry of Ala. made a very eloquent speech in the House, demanding the protection to slavery in the territories, and earnestly condemning squatter sovereignty. He was followed by Mr. Vance of your State, who in a forcible manner delivered his views in justification of slavery. The friends of the admission of Kansas under the Wyandotte constitution expect the passage of a bill for that purpose, but not, as they say, till after the Charleston convention.

To-morrow, the natal day of the Patron Saint will be celebrated in an appropriate manner at St. Patrick's church in this city. Several Societies (temperance &c.) belonging to that church will parade, and have a grand public dinner, by way of doing honor to this glorious anniversary.

For the new dome of the capitol the whole weight of iron work required is 3,700 tons, of which 1,900 tons have already been erected during the past three years. The original design laid before Congress was altered in 1856, and \$100,000 appropriated in August of that year, and \$500,000 on March 3, 1857. Another change was made last year to accommodate Mr. Crawford's figure of Freedom and its pedestal for the top of the dome, it being larger than the first design. The dome cannot be restored to the original plan without large loss and retarding its completion. The sum of \$301,869.11 has been expended on the demolition of the old dome and progress on the new. The balance on hand is \$391,145.59. The sum of \$245,000 is required for the completion. The total cost will be \$901,000, including the bronze mammoth statue of the Genius of Liberty which will surmount it, and it cannot be completed in less than three years.

Bishop Spaulding of Louisville, Ky., during the past week, delivered a course of three lectures at the Smithsonian Institute in this city, subject—"Elements and History of modern civilization; 'the Hall was crowded to excess and the lecturer proved himself to be one of our best American scholars; he studied for several years in Rome, and has made the tour of Europe. He was heartily applauded, and especially for various patriotic remarks, which could only spring from the heart of one of America's loyal sons. The lectures at the Smithsonian are free and a source of great pleasure and learning to the intelligent audiences that always fill the large hall of the Institute.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16.

Dear Times:—But a few days ago and the music of early birds and the gentle breath of South winds made one's heart leap extensively at the near thought of spring. To-day Old Boreas blows; and, with a new crop of ice in the gutters, and the cold hard look of mother earth, we are compelled to postpone indefinitely the sweet realities of chick-a-dee-dee and grass butter. You know Longfellow says:

"Learn to suffer, and to wait,"

but then how should a tall poet know anything of Philadelphia grass butter, without a tinge of garlic or onions.

The venerable artist, Rembrandt Peale, has returned to his residence here, having recovered from his late dangerous illness at Stonington, Conn.,—dangerous because of the exceeding age of the veteran. Mr. Peale is now in his eighty-third year; and we recently saw him in his studio at work on another copy of his famous portrait of the Father of his Country, the original of which was painted from life in 1795. Mr. Peale is now the only living artist to whom Washington sat. He attributes, in a great measure the preservation of his life during his late severe illness to the kindness of the citizens of Stonington, who, during his stay there, loaded him with every attention and civility. The most refined and prominent people of the city visited him, sat up with him, and sent him delicacies and presents. When able to leave, sixteen men of wealth and position formed themselves into an escort, and, on their own shoulders, carried Mr. Peale, in an easy chair from his room to the depot, four of them conveying the venerable painter by turns, their companions alternating with them in the self-imposed task. This reminds one of the honors paid to Titian in his old age, centuries ago. Mr. Peale and Thomasully are about the same age, and are the oldest artists in Philadelphia. An interesting incident in the closing years of their lives is the touching fact that each of these venerable men is now engaged in painting the portrait of the other.

For some years past numerous Philadelphians, aristocratic lovers of science, have had in contemplation a grand Zoological Gardens on the plan of those in London and the principal cities in Europe. Two years ago your correspondent referred to their designs, in this paper, since which their plans have been assuming shape and importance. It is in contemplation to devote a portion of Fairmount Park—the new addition of two hundred acres as far as required—to the purpose, giving jungle, pond, hill and plain to the four-footed creation, and the trees of the forest to the birds of the air. The plan is one of magnitude, and, in the hands of the enthusiastic savans who have taken it in charge, it must inevitably

be pushed forward. Perhaps the whole business of parks and green spots may seem foolishness to you Carolinians, who have the fields and woods so near your doors; but please to remember that there are hundreds of thousands of metropolitans who never saw a green field and who know nothing of a tree but from the glimpses they get of the stunted things, worm-eaten and rotten, that grow out of brick pavements to fling a sickly shade up or down the street. To such our parks and squares are a boon. And if so now, what will they be two or three generations hence when the ten square miles on which Philadelphia is now built will have grown to twice that.

The acclimatization of animals, as presented in these Zoological Gardens, especially that in Regent's Park, London, and others in the old world, is a subject of vast interest even to those not professedly naturalists. The subject is fully considered in its most popular and comprehensive sense in a charming article in the last January number of the famous old "Edinburgh Quarterly Review." The fact that the "Edinburgh" has taken hold of it will gratify those who know the sterling characters of this Review that the subject is thoroughly and generally considered, extracting the very essence of a dozen works on the theme, and giving a greater amount of information in an hour's reading than could be elsewhere acquired in a day's close application. This is the plan upon which the four great British quarterly Reviews are conducted, and instead of furnishing the heavy, weary reading matter which strangers to them suppose, they are to us and to all who habitually consult them more lively and entertaining than the last new novel. A dozen articles on as many subjects are considered in a single number.

The same general remarks will apply to the "London Quarterly Review." The January number of which is also just issued. We have not space to specify the articles, which range through the various departments of literature, art, politics, biography, etc. If the merits of these splendid Reviews could be fairly placed before everybody, we think that everybody would endorse them by their subscriptions. Certainly no intelligent reader who desires to be familiar with the great movements of the day, should be without either one or all of these four quarterlies as republished in this country by Leonard Scott & Co., New York; T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. They are published at three dollars per annum singly, or ten dollars for the four, and Blackwood thrown in. If subscribed for at The Times office we see that an arrangement is also made by which the Times is also thrown in. The force of cheapness can no further go.

A queer, quaint and quizzical book is issued this week from the press of Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Its title tells its story, and here it is—"Ten Thousand Wonderful Things, comprising the marvellous and rare, odd, curious, quaint, eccentric, and extraordinary, in all ages and nations; in art, nature, and science;" enriched with a very large number of good illustrations. Here is an opportunity for every individual to become the Sir Orfeo of his circle. Such an amount of out-of-the-way information as the editor has here strung together might be searched for in vain elsewhere in a whole library. It is particularly full in its scraps concerning the age of Cromwell and Elizabeth, those eras in England's history that are so filled with the extraordinary. We only quarrel with the compiler in one point. The deficiency of a full index destroys its usefulness in a measure to those who, like your correspondent, intends to use the book for reference. The general reader, however, will care little for this, and we pronounce the book in a word the best of the kind ever published.

From the same firm is issued a work which will commend itself to numbers, especially those removed from the advantages of a metropolis who desire to be cultivated in the arts and graces of society. It is called "The Art of Dancing," and, besides full instructions in every branch of the art, contains an interesting history of the Terpsichorean movement in every age, with numerous illustrations. Like its companion volume above, the book commends itself to the reader for its practical ends. Either volume will be sent by the publishers on receipt of one dollar.

Michalet's famous book on Love (L'Amour) has been sold to the extent of thirty or forty thousand copies, while his histories and scientific works have dropped almost flat from the press. Following up his success in that work he has just written and published a supplement, entitled "Woman, (La Femme,)" which has been translated into English by Dr. J. W. Palmer, of lingual renown, and published in a duodecimo volume by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York; Lippincott & Co., Phila. Six editions have been sold in the first two weeks of publication, which proves that the public mind is pretty much one way, though the critics are divided. One of the American Reviews recently contained a very warm and eulogistic article on the two books.

It is not to be supposed that the readers of Adam Bede and Jane Eyre are to be satisfied with an inferior novel. We can direct their attention to one which the London critics are pronouncing equal to either, and moreover an American house, Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Co., New York, have just issued it in a generous looking duodecimo of 436 pages, at one dollar, thus furnishing to American readers at this nominal sum, what costs the English reader nearly eight dollars. It is called "Against Wind and Tide," and is by the author of those highly successful fictions, Sylvan Holt's Daughter, Katie Brand, etc. We pronounce it the very best novel of the season; with a plot

well conceived and thrillingly developed, with a large compass of expression, with keen insight into character, and with a gracefulness and beauty of diction that are absolutely enrapturing. Our readers will perceive that we do not consider it an ordinary novel. It is not. When the London Literary Gazette, the Athenaeum, the Saturday Review, and every critical authority in England are running wild over it, it may be presumed there is some fire amid the smoke. We say to you, reader, buy it! and if you can resist a tearful sympathy with some of its delineations, we only have to say we do not envy you.

The same publishers issue "Mrs. Ellis' House-keeping made Easy; or, Complete Instructor in all Branches of Cookery and Domestic Economy, Edited by Mrs. Mowatt.—This is a compact pamphlet of 120 pages, containing as much and as reliable information on anything connected with cookery and house-keeping as can be found in larger and more costly works. This work is published at the small price of twenty-five cents, and will be sent by mail; and housekeepers would do well to see if they cannot here procure the knowledge for which they would elsewhere pay a dollar or more. It is embellished with many good illustrations.

A new quarterly Review is about to be started in New York, under the most flattering auspices. It is to be called the National Quarterly.

NYLUS.

CHARLESTON, March 13, 1860.

An unexpected hour—A passing glance at our principal sea-port—Charleston, its attractions—the battery, unequalled prospects—Visit to the Markets.

Dear Times:—Leaving Raleigh, after the date of our last, we had the pleasure of traveling as far as Goldsboro in the company of your senior editor; how we became aware of his editorial presence we do not know, most probably by a sort of magnetic sympathy. We were "traveling incog" ourselves and of course thought he was availing himself of the same privilege (all great folks do) and therefore did not invade his privacy. At Goldsboro we lost him and took up a member of Congress and an Ex-Governor to boot, but did not feel any more honored than before.

Wilmington is a beautiful place, active and bustling; the shippers and commission merchants are ranged in a long line in front of the river, the intervening space being mostly covered with cotton, turpentine and resin; it would do your up country friends much good only to see the immense quantities here accumulated; it would give them such an idea of the riches of our State as they have never had before. Thousands of bales of cotton have this year been sent to Boston, instead of New York, on account of the higher prices, and we were pleased to learn that a fair portion had been consigned to your enterprising fellow-citizens, London & Bryan. These gentlemen have torn themselves away from friends and home, and certainly deserve encouragement on the part of Southerners.

A pleasant night-ride of about twelve hours, brought us to this Metropolis; the city certainly maintains her ancient fame for beauty of situation and for the talent, energy and hospitality of her sons. The public buildings are large, numerous and handsome; there are several noble churches, among them St. Michael's, a relic of colonial times, and distinguished by its chime of bells; every quarter of an hour they pour forth their sweet melodies, carrying a pleasure on their wings, even though they tell us that life is flying. Meeting street, on which the principal hotels and churches are situated, is probably the finest; it is wide, well paved and contains several elegant private and public buildings. King street, the Broadway, is blessed with the dry good stores, and enlivened by the ladies; all day long, in fine weather, the dear creatures, dressed in their best and looking their "very killingest," throng the thoroughfare, fit in and out of the stores, making the loungers happy by their smiles, and crazing the clerks by their multifarious requests. We might say much about the beauty of the ladies—and they are not chary or prudish in displaying it, why should they be? it is their duty to make as many people happy as possible—but we have a pleasant recollection as well as a wholesome fear of "the girls we've left behind us."

How shall we describe the Battery? there is nothing we can compare it to in this country; it consists of a wide walk, railed in and paved with blocks of slate; one side is open to the harbor, along which it skirts, while the other is faced by the city. You can sit anywhere and catch a glimpse of the broad Atlantic and this is the only one of our seaports so highly favored; the view takes in the shipping, clustered in the most intricate confusion at the various docks, the single vessels moving like a living panorama about the harbor, the many forts, frowning defiance to all unwelcome intruders, and the picturesque villages crowning the heights in the distance. Picture all this to yourself and fill up the foreground with particolored groups and merry parties, scattered over the green sward, and you have a landscape, rarely to be equalled. Its only drawback is the want of trees, all attempts to make them flourish heretofore having failed; in the midst of the grounds is a light-house.

We cannot close without a word concerning the markets; these consist of some five or six buildings ranged in a line and well stocked with fruit, vegetables, beef, pork, fish, game &c. Prudent housekeepers were bargaining over their dinners, attended by their servants; dealers were praising their wares, and just outside the buildings, carefully keeping out of harm's way and watching for any odd scraps,

were the buzzards, as tame as chickens and not the least important elements of the crowd. We noticed green peas, r-dishes, asparagus and tomatoes, partly of home growth and partly imported.

Yours &c. P. S. S.

NEW ORLEANS, March 9th, 1860.

Great Firemen's parade.—How the Clay Statue is to be inaugurated.—The Young Nero of the Press to be the Poet of the day.—Osborn and Parodi coming.—Route of the Douglasses in the State Convention.—The two third rule to be enforced at Charleston.—Programme of the Southern Democratic.—Bridges of Business.—Weather etc.

The grand annual parade of the New Orleans Fire Department which took place last Sunday was the most imposing affair of the kind that has ever been known here. Twenty eight companies participated, and the decorations of the Engines and trucks were very costly and elaborate. The presence of a steam fire engine constituted a novel feature in the turnout. The churches were but thinly attended, and everybody and his wife seemed to have got into the streets.

Indeed our people seem, lately, to be getting fond of parades. Public expectation is now on tiptoe for the coming inauguration of the Clay Statue on the 12th of next month. Every craft is to be represented in the procession on that occasion. The Typographical Society will have a press in motion throwing off sheets descriptive of the life and public services of the Sage of Ashland; the ship-masters will have a model clipper; the steamboat men are to be preceded by a mimic steam boat paddling the air in the most gallant style, and so every class among our people will contribute some unique element to give *clat* to the celebration. W. H. Hunt Esq., a lawyer of this City, is to be orator. A Mr. John W. Overall, the literary Atlas of the *Ten Delta* newspaper, the terrible critic who was never known to commend anybody or anything, and who has made himself quite as ridiculous by pointless and indiscriminate censure as any other newspaper critic ever did by pointless and indiscriminate praise—is to read some verses on the occasion. A French poem will also be read by Mr. Placide Canonge. Doubtless we shall have a great time.

The Operatic circles of our city have been thrown all in a flutter by the announcement that Madame Colson, our charming ex-prima donna is to pay us a visit before long. It is also said that we are to have Parodi, with the Italian opera troupe to vary the monotony of our French Opera. If these reports, which will lack confirmation should prove true, we will have quite a lively Spring season.

The Douglasses here are terribly down in the mouth at the action of the Democratic State Convention which adjourned on Monday last true to my prediction, a majority of the delegates elected to the Charleston Convention favor Breckinridge. The rest are for John Sidel. The little Giant stood no chance whatever. It is now generally understood that the South will insist that the two thirds rule be enforced in the Convention. This will be a death-blow to the hopes of Douglas.—Should the Douglasses bolt from the Convention, it is pretty certain that the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives. In such a case there being thirty three States, each casting one vote, the candidate of the Southern democracy might rely with perfect confidence on the support of the fifteen Southern States. California and Oregon would also wheel into line, and thus the seventeen votes, necessary to elect might at once be made up. This is the calculation of the Southern democrats—a pretty shrewd one as you see; they have fixed upon their programme and will oppose Douglas to the bitter end. He cannot possibly obtain a two thirds vote in the Convention, and the South will bolt rather than support him unless he has fairly obtained that two thirds vote.

Summer begins already to give us unmistakable hints of his approach. Business of every kind, however, still continues brisk, and will hardly slacken off before the middle of May. We had a terrible blow last night which occasioned some damage along the levee; no doubt it was Winter's good-bye. STYX.

NEW YORK, March 14th.

Thirty-Seven So-We.—The Strikes.—Northern Slavery.—Cattle Mortality.—N. Y. Legislature.—Common Council.—Mayor Wood.—Charleston Convention.—Trade.—Rich and Poor Criminals.—The Dog Fight.—Apples.—Politics.—Seward's Speech.

Up to this time we have had one over the allotted complement of snows—now thirty-seven in all—for the season, and I predict more still.

The strikes in Massachusetts continue and increase, going into various trades, and are also extending South as far as New York and Philadelphia. In the two latter places, however, they have amounted to but little as yet. In the East they are very detrimental to all parties, thousands being out of employment for weeks together, and the manufacturers' interests also greatly retarded. The women, too have lent a helping hand and tongue. I don't know a much worse slavery than to bind shoes at one and two cents a pair.

The cattle are dying in immense numbers all through New England—whether from a habit of supplying so much hide yearly whether the shoes are made up or not I cannot say, but there will be great many hides in the market in some shape.

The New York Legislature used to be bad enough, but it is now infinitely worse—a den of corruption and perjury—not all of its members, but a controlling number of them. I know one man, in order to hold over in his office one year, had to carry up and pay all expenses one hundred influential men, as ballast for the lobby. Legislation is done out-

side the Assembly by dollars and cents. The voter and tax payer who goes there with a grievance without money to sustain it, is not looked upon as a "constituent" worthy any notice—as "green."

The Common Council of this city are in the same category, their votes being influenced, not by their oaths, but by the highest bidder.

Mayor Wood has been out of office so long, and paying \$60,000 for votes to elect him, has been over bid by our wire pullers, and has to deal with heads of departments; and he made a curious deal with the Republicans in the police department, laying down in the same bed with them. How this will set with his Charleston Convention schemes I cannot tell; it is however, very bad *sauce*.

Trade at present is very good from the South but short of all reasonable calculations made last fall.

Criminals suffer just in proportion in our courts, as a general rule, to their money, not their offences or deserts.

The great dog fight between America and England comes off next month, and is now much talked of here among the "fancy." Such a spectacle would be much more excusable among *genuine dogs*.

One county in this State sent 20,000 barrels of apples to Boston alone, worth \$50,000.

Politicians are all calculating their—not the country's—chances next fall. I pity the country.

Seward's speech is full of strength and subtlety, as strong as iron work, and plausible as it was possible for Seward to be. It will strengthen his friends, but in point of fact, though much of it is sound doctrine, it is mere preaching, and preaching what neither he nor his friends practice.

Yours respectfully, E.

AMERICAN SLATE.

The constantly increasing uses to which the substance at the head of this article is applied in connection with the facts of its great superiority in all its applications in lieu of the substances which it is rapidly supplanting, thus rendering its use indispensable, induce us to lay before our readers a short history of its introduction and use, more particularly as a substitute for costly marbles, in the manufacture of Mantels or Chimney Pieces. Ever since Slate Mantels were introduced in England, the demand for them there has been constantly increasing. The first used in this country were imported; but quarries of American Slate having been opened and worked, yielded slabs of as good quality as the best Welsh Slate, and the process of enameling having become known here, the whole business of manufacturing is now done in this country, and is constantly increasing in importance as one of the Useful Arts.

Slate Mantels possess a decided superiority over all others, on account of their cleanliness, beauty, cheapness, strength and durability.—As Slate possesses a beautiful satin-like face, and a perfectly non-absorbent body, it is proof against the action of smoke, coal gas, grease and oils. Its peculiar qualities render its surface susceptible of the highest decoration and finish. By an ingenious process the surface of Slate slabs may be made to imitate not only the costliest and rarest Marbles, but may also be decorated with rich and rare specimens of Mosaic Work, Enamelled Flowers, Birds, &c.

By actual experiment it has been ascertained that a slab of Slate, one inch thick, will bear as much weight and resist as heavy a blow as a piece of Marble six inches thick. In addition to these merits, they are from twenty to forty per cent. cheaper than common Marble Mantels.

Repeated coatings are applied to the Slate in the process of enameling, and these are rendered permanent by heat, so that Enamelled Slate will stand exposure to weather better and retain its brilliancy longer than Marble or any other material. It has now stood the test of seventeen years' wear in England and this country, triumphed over every objection, and survived the opposition that was raised by those who were interested in crying down the invention; and, in short, its deserved popularity is continually on the increase.

DR. KEITT'S MURDERERS.

The Florida Home Companion, of the 13th, says:

The trial of the remainder of the negroes engaged in the murder of their master, Dr. Keitt, was concluded on Saturday evening last, after a long and tedious investigation.—The evidence, which was clear and positive, was submitted to a regularly drawn Jury, who shortly returned with the following verdict:—Israel and Allen, guilty, and to be hanged Wednesday; John and the wife of Lewis, knew the murder was to be committed, and are to be whipped. The Jury did not altogether agree as to the punishment to be inflicted on John, and it is thought that he will be hung.

THE CHARLESTON SPECULATION AGAIN.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—A prominent member of the National Executive Committee, thus replies to the inquiry respecting the change of place proposed for holding the National Convention. There is a good deal said seriously about it. There is much pressure for it, and if continued, the Committee may be called together to consider it.

FREESOIL PAPERS GOING OUT.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—Two free soil papers published here, the Republican and the National Era, will soon be suspended for want of patronage. Efforts are making to combine them into one journal.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday, March 24, 1860.

C. C. CASE, Editor and Proprietor.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARPENTERS, D.D.,
W. R. HENDERSON,
J. STARR BULLOCK,
MRS. J. H. BULLOCK,
MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
A. J. C. WATKINS,
MRS. W. J. JENKINS,
WILLIAM F. FARRAR,
JACOB CLAYTON,
C. G. DICK,
ANN S. WATKINS,
GEORGE M. WATKINS,
MRS. L. M. BULLOCK,
ED. S. G. COOK,
MRS. C. HENDERSON,
GEO. J. S. COOK,
and others.

ANOTHER PRIZE STORY!

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Commenced in THE TIMES for the week ending 17th March. The Committee awarded to THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL, for its superior excellence in plot and composition, THE HIGHEST PRIZE, THE HIGHEST PRIZE, THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

A few extra copies of THE TIMES will be printed to supply subscribers with back numbers; but to make sure of the copies, subscribers should be immediately sent to COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

Dr. Breckinridge's Plea for the Union.

The following article in reference to the Union-letter of Dr. Robert L. Breckinridge of Ky., is from the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin. It is so full of the spirit of vigorous and healthy patriotism, so expressive of the real sentiment of the people, as distinguished from rabid demagogues and fire-eating politicians, that we give it a place, entire, in our columns:

"The terse and patriotic appeal of the old Doctor in favor of harmony and the Union, long as it is, is going the rounds of a large portion of the press of the country, and everywhere receives a fitting response from the honest masses. Patriotism is yet in the ascendant, whatever malcontents and revolutionaries may say or do, and whenever and wherever an honest man rises up and with a manly, full heart speaks a good word for the Union and the Constitution, it falls like good seed in good soil. It never fails to make a profound impression upon the public mind and to elicit enthusiastic responses from the great mass of patriotic citizens everywhere. It is an index of a healthy public opinion underlying the surface, and despite all the noise and confusion which political tricksters may make for party purposes and their own aggrandizement. Public men would do well to make a note of this. When a man in these United States utters fanatic and treasonable words, or words whose tendency is to alienate and exasperate the people of different States, the effects upon the public mind in reference to himself have a marked difference. A few of his friends may applaud him, but the great mass are sure to look coldly upon him, to regard him as unwise or unprincipled. He lowers himself in their estimation, and the disapprobation will be certain to manifest itself sooner or later. There is a substratum, beneath all the boisterous excitements of the hour, of solid and warm and glowing love of country in the hearts of the American people. East, West, North and South, that is as firm as the everlasting hills. The politicians may go a certain length, may descend to a certain depth, without perceiving that a strong hand is upon them, without feeling the neck-ribbed foundations on which the government rests fast down in the holy affections, in the fixed determination, in the mighty confidence, in the brave courage of the citizens of the Union, who maintain in tact, and at all hazards, the great, the priceless legacy that has been left to them by the men whose superior in patriotism, and disinterestedness and wisdom and comprehensive intellect, the world never saw, and is not likely ever to see again; but if forgetful of this strong arm, of the depths lower than which they cannot descend of the lengths beyond which they cannot go, the politicians attempt to lay their rash and polluted hands upon the citadel of the great temple itself, the holy of holies, they become aware of their real impotence, that the people, and not themselves, are masters, and will put curbs upon and set limits to their vaulting ambition. Within proper boundaries, the politicians may talk and discuss measures, and even storm and make themselves infamous if they choose, but the instant they pass these boundaries, the

hands of giants are upon them. They are throttled by a power that they cannot resist.

"This invincible determination to maintain the fundamental institutions of this country on the part of the great mass of its substantial citizens is owing doubtless both to the character, for good sense and enlightened energy, which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race, and which seems to augur that they will yet to a great extent mold, if not conquer—by ideas we mean—the whole world—and to the nature of the institutions themselves. The degree of intelligence that is scattered broadcast over the country makes the citizen, even when least informed, so much of a man that he relies upon his own judgment to such an extent that it becomes exceedingly difficult for the demagogue thoroughly to hoodwink, or lead him finally astray. He may be deceived for the time being, but his natural sense and his intelligence come at last to the rescue, and the demagogue achieves in the end but a barren victory. Hence the great importance which the founders of our government gave to education to virtue and intelligence in the people."

The American Lakes.

By the Sault Ste. Marie ship canal, 5,964 feet in length, and overcoming a fall of 17 feet, the largest sized lake steamers pass from the lower lakes into Lake Superior, which is the most extensive body of fresh water yet known on the globe, and its shores are rich in inexhaustible mines of copper ore, and the best and strongest iron yet discovered. A writer says, "there have passed downward from this lake the past year 65,000 tons of iron ore and 7,300 tons of copper ore. The total valuation of all the property passing through the canal, including provisions, &c., for the miners and others, is in round numbers, \$10,000,000. The day is close at hand when this great northern part of the State of Michigan will be organized into a separate State, and probably under the name of 'Superior.' Even now, the people in this region talk of the feasibility of a ship canal some three hundred and fifty miles in length to connect Lake Superior with Hudson's Bay. Imagine yourself one of a pleasure party starting from New York for a summer's trip in a staunch steamer, via the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Canadian canals, the great lakes, and this canal to the Arctic ocean. You can keep the idea to cool off with when threats of next summer invade the season. Wild as this may seem, the child is now old enough to read your paper who will yet take this very trip."

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Parton's Andrew Jackson—American Biographical Series—Bible History—American Normal School—The Marble Faun, Hawthorne's new book—Life and Times of Herod the Great—Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy—The Gospel in Barnabai—Michelet's Joan of Arc.

The last number of Russell's Magazine contains an unusually warm commendation of Mr. Parton's new *Life of Andrew Jackson*, all that had been published of the work up to the time that the review was written. This week, however, the second volume makes its appearance from the same press, Messrs. Mason Brothers, New York, more than justify not only the hearty notice in Russell, but the unequalled approval everywhere extended to this model biography. Russell says: "Few persons, in our estimation, are so well fitted as Mr. Parton for the composition for popular and effective biographical works. To a capacity for patient, laborious investigation, he unites a sprightly humor, a charming style, which never lulls or fatigues, and no trifling powers of just and philosophical analysis. His work is one of the most entertaining and instructive books we have ever read." The *Life of Parton*, from the same pen, published about two years ago will be remembered as a singularly interesting and spirited biography, clearly removing much of the mire and filth from Parton's character. In writing that narrative Mr. Parton encountered a mass of material relating to Jackson which suggested the present work. How faithfully he has executed it is evident in the public appreciation, somewhat of a fortune absolutely accruing to both author and publishers on its sale. Puchasers cannot find the work in the ordinary book channels, as it is published by subscription, but it may be had by addressing the publishers as above.

Another volume will complete it, and we should hardly think that any gentleman's library, especially any public man's or student's of history, could afford to be without it. The same enterprising firm have become the publishers of "The American Biographical Series," by George Canning Hill. The plan of this admirable little library is to present graphic and spirited sketches of the men who were famous in the early history of the country, each volume containing a distinct life, in about 300 pages, finely illustrated. In accordance with this plan we find already published *The Life of Captain John Smith*, the founder of Virginia, *The Life of General Israel Putnam*, "Old Pat," *The Life of Benedict Arnold*, the traitor, and *The Life of Daniel Boone*, the Pioneer, which is a new volume, just ready, and which, from the peculiarly hazardous nature of that hero's career, will be found one of the most spirited and entertaining of the series. Though these works are not exclusively intended for young readers they can be especially recommended to that end. It is believed to be quite possible to furnish in this way books for the young possessing even greater attraction than any mere fiction, yet free from all pernicious influence, and affording most profitable amusement as well as instruction. The best way to keep the

mind of young readers from novel reading is to furnish them with plenty of material as is here provided, which has all the interest of fiction without its poison. Mr. Hill is admirably qualified for his undertaking. He possesses a rare power of throwing fascination around fact, and writes with singular clearness and simplicity. Mr. Abbott's far famed juvenile histories are not better adapted to the youthful comprehension and taste than these useful little volumes, and we trust that American parents everywhere will put them into the hands of their children as freely.

The extensive and valuable list of strictly educational works issued from the press of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Barr, (embodied in a catalogue covering nearly one hundred pages, which may be had by addressing the publishers, New York,) has before been referred to in these articles. The imposing list here presented has just been increased by two new volumes, the first devoted to the subject of *American Normal Schools, their Theory, their Workings and their Results*, as embodied in the Proceedings of the First Annual Convention of the American Normal School Association, held at Trenton, N. J., 1859. A glance at this volume—a small octavo of 150 pages—will commend the work to the numerous bodies in this State interested in the subject of education. It is handsomely illustrated with various representations of Normal School buildings in use, ground plans, &c., and contains numerous suggestions of importance.

The second work, as above, is a duodecimo of 300 pages, containing *Bible History: A Text Book for Seminaries, Schools and Families*, by Mrs. Sarah R. Hanna, Principal of the Female Seminary, Washington, Pa. It is in the form of question and answer, and has for its object a more familiar instruction in the elements of sacred history than the youth at school are likely to acquire in any other form. The authoress has labored over thirty years in the house of education, and the greater portion of this period has taught the Scriptures, principally the historical part, to all her pupils. Taking her pupils under her own immediate care in the department of Biblical instruction, it is her plan to introduce occasionally her teachings in the nature of a comment, explaining difficult points, and incessantly leading her pupils to reflection until they acquire a taste for fuller expositions. The book is a valuable one for the school or family, and must certainly lead the pupil to a more familiar study of the great Text Book, the Word of Truth, the entrance of which giveth light.

After a silence of seven or eight years the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, and *Mosses from an Old Manse*, once more emerges from his retirement bringing with him the most glorious yet unborn of his genius, the most matured and perfected of all his work. *The Marble Faun*, or *The Romance of Monte Beni*, is the product of Hawthorne's lengthened residence in Italy, and of course embraces descriptions of scenery, delineations of manners and character, and expositions of art and literature, set forth in that perfection of quiet strength and dignified simplicity which are so characteristic of Hawthorne. These exquisite glimpses at the beautiful art-world of Italy, are, however, held strictly subordinate to the weird interest of the story. The mythical and the real are delightfully intermingled, emotional experiences and the phenomena of the unseen are powerfully contrasted, the various elements of actual and supernatural character and suggestion, in awakening and keeping awake a deep and awe-struck wonder in the reader's mind until the final vanishment of Miriam and Donatello into the night of conjecture. The first, heated impression after its perusal, is that, with a somewhat varied and extended acquaintance with literature, we never encountered a more exquisite creation of genius, anywhere. A second or a third reading may cool our fervor, but there are glimpses of scenery, character, art, and description here which can never fade from the memory. We presume that sooner or later every reader will read this extraordinary work. Every newspaper and magazine is loud in its praise; but our love for the author when they eulogize, and our regard for the public when they instruct, compel us to beg our contemporaries everywhere not to let their tears of admiration so dim their eyesight as to make them throughout their praises misinterpret, or at least mispell, the very title of the book itself, and the name of the famous statue which was its germinant idea. "Ancient poetry and sculpture, we know, eternized various animals in verse or marble, and some of them, by the wicked will of Jove, were inspired in the celestial dome and 'disembodied with rays divine.' But the chief of Praxiteles never immortalized a quadruped, nor was this grand, strange Miriam of ours enraptured with the features, form and movements of a youth resembling a fawn or fawn—French and Norman English for a young deer. It was the face, figure and manner of one in all human points a counterpart to Praxiteles' celebrated statue of a Fawn, that attracted and absorbed the soul of Miriam. That work-shipped work itself was simply the Greek, ideal presentation in stony marble of the strong, free, sensuous, gleeful, semi-human wood god—the wild, foliate wate of Nymphs, Naiads and Dryads—the child of Nature, whose joy it was to breast the hill-sides, and bathe in mountain pools, or during the slumberous heats of the old Pelagian noonday, to sleep far down in the valleys by a gurgling spring, in the cool, dark depths of the forest. All this represented, only with the humble grace and plasticity of the Grecian genius, the sweet idea, untroubled by all men, of the fresh, natural, joyous, unevolved, uncorrupted deities and lovers of 'woodland, hill and stream.'"

Messrs. Lindsay & Blackston, Philadelphia, publish a new and very interesting historical biography, *The Life and Times of Herod the Great*, as Connected Historically and Prophetically with the Coming of Christ: with Incidental Portraits of the Noted Personages of the Age. By William M. Willitt. The author's key is contained in the subtitle "thought" of Pascal. "How delightful it is to see with the eye of faith, Darius, Cyrus, Alexander, the Romans, Pompey, and Herod, lab'ring unwittingly for the glory of the Gospel." Its very enemies have been its faithful preachers, over-ruled by the plans of Providence. The history of Herod, as connected with the birth of the Savior is the most interesting episode in all history, and the author here has woven together the great events of the time, exhibiting prophetic developments, and examining results which the ordinary reader cannot find time to unravel for himself. Historical Christianity is now occupying the profoundest minds of the age, and this volume is one of its most interesting contributions. The volume is an illustrated 12mo., beautifully printed.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, are now the publishers of that standard educational work, *The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy*, by Francis Wayland. In the case of such a work as this the task of the critic is easy. The reputation of Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy and Wayland's Moral Science is securely established, the former valuable work, especially standing at the very head of all the Text Books on the philosophy of the faculties of the mind. It is the work of a great intellect, and of the largest experience. Dr. Wayland's long trial position in Brown University as the instructor in the important branch of education which is here illustrated, having qualified him for its thorough exposition, whether in the lessons of the daily school, or the printed volume. The fruit of many years' laborious research is gathered into this volume, and its practical benefits have been tested in every principal college and higher seminary of learning in the country.

The same publishers issue a very quaint and curious work, *The Nonsect Professor in his Meridian Splendor; or, The Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians Laid Open*. In Seven Sermons at All-Hallow's Church, London Wall, by William Secker, To which is Added, The Wedding Ring, a Sermon, by the same author. This ring sermon was first published in 1653. The air of two centuries ago hangs over the whole book, which reminds us of the quaint old affairs of Fuller, Pascal, and Francis Quarles. Louisa pronounces it a "beautiful little work, worth its weight in gold." It is refreshing new to take up so strong, substantial and instructive a book, in the language of days gone by. Every reader should peruse it.

We have before referred to the "Household Library," formerly published by Deisser & Procter, New York, but now issued from the press of Sheldon & Co. Since this active firm have become its owners, this sterling series of books has largely increased its circulation. In uniform style of binding with the remaining volumes, Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have now released the first volume, *The Life and Martyrdom of Joan of Arc*, by Michelet. The plan of the series is to extract from ponderous tomes that vie out of the reach of ordinary readers such episodes or biographies as will admit of detachment without injury. Eighteen of these magnificent fragments are now issued, each composing a volume containing the biography of some great spirit in history. Gibbon, Lamartine, Carlyle, Macaulay, and other distinguished authors are represented, two of Macaulay's most brilliant essays, the *Life of Pitt*, and the *Life of Frederick*, being included in the series. The publishers supply the volumes by mail or otherwise at fifty cents each. They should be in every household.

HUMILITY.

You lie nearest the river of life when you tend to it; you cannot drink, but as you stoop. The grain of the field, as it ripens, bows its head; so the Christian, as he ripens for heaven, bends in this lowly grace. Christ speaks of his people as "lilies"—they are "lilies of the valley," they can only grow in the shade.—"With this man will I dwell, even with him that is humble."

Governor Leitch, of Virginia, has made a requisition on Governor Dennison, for the arrest of Owen Brown and Francis Marion, two of the Harper's Ferry insurgents, who are now, or have been in Ashland county. Indictments were found against them in Jefferson county, Va. United States Marshal Johnson, on the 5th inst., delivered the paper to Governor Dennison, who, in a letter dated the 8th inst., declines issuing warrant, and states that his reasons for this conclusion have been communicated to Governor Leitch.

The deep rich soil of Nebraska is exceedingly well adapted to corn growing. Henry Pilgrim, of Dakota County has raised this year on twenty-one acres of ground, a crop that averaged one hundred and sixty three bushels to the acre.

An Austrian coin, bearing the date of 1674 was lately dug up, several feet below the surface in Decatur county, Ill.

Weak doses of wash-borax are now recommended by physicians for ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of saw-horse.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Flower Garden.

ROSES.

If not already pruned, no time should be lost in performing this very necessary operation. Thin out the weakest shoots, cutting them off close to the old wood. Shorten in the strong growth of the previous year to about four eyes or buds from the old wood, if standards. The climbing varieties of course require treatment according to the trellis to be, or is already covered. Where new trellis or rose arbors are in contemplation, we would strongly urge the use of lattice work, as the most neat, durable, ornamental and in the end cheapest. It should be painted some neutral color, to preserve it from rust.

TULIPS.

Where fine flowers are an object, care must be taken supports are placed to the flower stems before they receive any injury from the wind, once they are bent down, all the care and skill that may be brought to bear on them will fail to restore the damage they have received. Stir the ground occasionally, if protected by shades; see none suffer for water.

HYACINTHS.

This lovely tribe of bulbous rooted plants are universal favorites, and we may add, no flower is more worthy of distinction. It is a flower for the million, prized alike by the rich and poor. Rain water is best for those cultivated in glasses. When planted in beds of the flower garden, it is best to support the blooms, to prevent accidents by winds or other causes.

ANNUALS.

A few seeds of each favorite may now be sown on a moderately warm bed, well protected from frost; the object of course being early flowers.

THE JESSAMINE.

This beautiful flower is now in full bloom in our woods and groves around. There is no denying that it is an attractive and fragrant plant, but parents and guardians should particularly inform their children that it is likewise a most dangerous one. We have several times published accounts of the deaths of children from chewing these flowers. If this fact is generally known it may save many a fond parent premature grief over a loved offspring.—*Wk. Herald*.

Ladies should read Newspapers.

It is one great mistake, in female education, to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have little, comparatively, to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world to know what it is and the improvements in its condition. Let her have intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times.

Let the gilded annuals and poems on the center table be kept, a part of the time, covered, with weekly journals. Let the family—men, women and children—read the newspaper.

A Woman's true Life.

To most women how rarely occurs the opportunity of accomplishing great things and making great conquests, as the world estimates greatness. But in every relation of life, and in almost every day's and hour's experience, there are laid in her pathway little crosses to take up and bear, little lessons to learn of patience and forbearance, little sacrifices which may seem as nothing to the looker-on, but which from peculiarity of temperament may in reality be costly ones; little victories over nameless developments of selfishness, which perhaps only God and conscience recognize as selfishness; the culture of many a little hope and feeling and principle, the suppression of many desires, repinings, or exactions, which make the feeble woman sometimes greater and stronger in the eyes of Him who looks into the soul's innermost recesses, than the mighty man who takes a city. To the most of women the great warfare of this probationary life must be a warfare known by its best results; the enemies they would vanquish meet them in the little hidden nooks of every-day life; and the victories their gain in the warfare are recorded not on the scroll of earthly fame, but by watching angels in God's book on high. How greatly important then is each day's result in this discipline of domestic life, if here it is we are to achieve holy victories, so as to receive at last the plaudit, "Well done!" or at the last to find incribed upon our course, "Defeat—failure—irretrievable loss."

ORDINARY DUTIES.

We are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary one which lies directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; and when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.

PATIENCE.

If instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of docility, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Lionel.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Hushed to her music sweet,
Hushed now forever,
Gone where the silent meet
When life's cords sever:
So take her low lute
With cypress round it wreathing,
For the hoarse string is mute
That melody was breathing.

Gulled are her lyrics low—
Did she in dying
From a flower of bright roses go
Mid grief and sighing?
Were fond hearts grieving moved
Like trees with tempests shaken,
That she, so dearly loved,
Thus should be taken?

Nay! for she died alone—
Died in the river!
There did life's wondrous tone
Lose its last quiver!
There in her grief she came,
Yet not in dishonor,
There she died with only
God's eye upon her.

No friend in tenderness
Softly caressing,
None in her deep distress
Pitying and blessing,
Falls the night wind
Moaned through the willow,
But she slept well
On her chill water pillow.
Think of her lovingly,
Never to blame her;
She on the whole earth
Had none to sustain her;
Weary of living,
And worn with regretting,
The star of her life
Had a swift, sudden setting.

For memories cling round it,
Garland of fragrance,
With which she once bound it:
And in your glad hours
Remember forever
The crushed broken flower
That lies in the river!

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE LADY
OF
ATHERTON HALL!

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER III.

The Midnight Bride.

"Nine after life! What is mine after life?
My day is closed. The gloom of night comes on—
A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate."
JOANNE BAILEY.

Of course, the excursion to Holyoke was broken up; three of the pleasure-seekers were among the dead; and several were severely wounded.

For a time, the shadow of this melancholy accident dampened the spirit of gaiety in the circle where the dead unfortunates had moved; but ere long the occurrence was forgotten, and Belleville was as lively as before.

Balls, soirees and masquerades followed each other in rapid succession; and at each bright assembly Winifred Atherton shone preëminent. Mr. Winthrop was still her constant cavalier; and when he saw the admiration which she excited, and sunned himself in the warmth of her radiant beauty, he was more than ever determined to win her for his own. Not that he particularly loved her—love had no abiding place in his cold heart—but she would look splendidly at the head of his table, she would do the honors of his house right royally; she had a fine figure for displaying the costly fabrics in which he should be proud to see his wife clothed.

And in his heart, he fated her to become Mrs. Winthrop, the mistress of Maplewood.

Valentine's Eve arrived, cold and frosty—and on this evening Mrs. Marchmont was to give a grand ball at her house on Beacon street; and of course Miss Atherton was expected to be present, the belle, *par excellence*.

Winifred stood before the tall mirror, in her dressing room, that wintry afternoon; and watched the effect of the crimson velvet robe, in which the nimble fingers of her maid were arraying her. There were gleaming rubies on her arms and around her throat; precious gems which had but just been brought in—bearing on their richly chased clasps the simple inscription—

"To Winifred, from her father."

The eyes of the brilliant beauty fell on the rosy glitter of the jewels; she bowed down her head, and kissed the bracelet which clasped her snowy wrist—murmuring softly—

"Dear papa! how kind and tender he is! How could I live without his love?"

The maid finished the exquisite *coiffure*; the last curl was arranged, the last fold of lace in its place; and Winifred, with a look in her hand, sat down to await the coming of her father. Time passed swiftly; the ebony clock, on the chimney, struck out another hour, and still Mr. Atherton lingered away.

The lady grew impatient. Mrs. Marchmont would be offended if she were late at the ball. She rose, at last, and turned to go down stairs.

"Tell my father, when he comes, that I wait a full hour for him to see my dress, and—good heavens! what means this confusion below?"

She flew down the stairs at a bound. The hall was thronged with men, wearing pale and solemn countenances. She would have rushed through the crowd to the parlor, whither some shrouded of feet was being borne, but a strong arm held her back, and drew her into a side-room. The door was closed, and the man placed his back against it—thus preventing her attempted escape.

She lifted her face imploringly to his.

"What is it? Gerard Middleton! Has anything happened to my father?"

Gerard was very pale, but his voice was calm and even. He took in his own hand she had unconsciously laid on his arm.

"Be composed, Miss Atherton. You have fortitude—bring it to your aid."

"Fortitude? oh yes; I can bear anything! Only tell me the worst! Suspense will kill me! Is my father dead?"

"No; thank God! he is not dead!"

"But he is dying! I read it in your face! Out of my way, this moment sir! I will go to him! My place is at his side!"

"The surgeon is examining his injuries. You must wait."

"Wait! I cannot wait! Wait! and my father—the only one I have a right to love—dying! Again, I ask you, tell me the worst."

"Sit down, then; your fearful looks make me tremble for your reason. Your father was passing along Water street an hour ago; they are taking down some old buildings there, and a falling timber struck him on the forehead. He was raised up senseless, and by the physician's orders, we have brought him home."

"Do they say he will die senseless? Will he never be able to speak again?"

"Miss Atherton, your very calmness terrifies me. Have you no tears to shed? no groans to utter?"

"Tears! will they bring my father back to health? Tears are a mockery. Tell me if he will speak to me again—before the eternal silence comes?"

"In all probability, yes. When his shocked system shall recover from this stupor."

"You would tell me that pain will restore him?"

"Perhaps so."

"Well, then; so be it. Mr. Middleton, look at me. Am I not composed and serene? Do you see any manifestation of emotion—and spasms of suffering?"

"I see a stone statue!"

"Very good. Statues do not feel. Therefore, take me to my father."

He led the way; she followed, and the two passed on to the couch of the wounded man. Mr. Atherton lay upon a bed which had been hastily arranged in the centre of the room; his eyes were closed; and his brow bound with a white cloth.

Winifred approached, and touched his cheek with her hand. The motion revived him; he opened his eyes and spoke—

"Winifred, my daughter, is it you?"

"It is I, father."

"You are calm; thank heaven for that! you are calm, and yet you are very pale, Winifred!"

"Yes, I am composed—perhaps a little pale, but that is nothing. My heart beats steadily—my limbs do not tremble."

"No. And for this I rejoice. I had feared otherwise. My child, your father is dying; you will soon be a desolate orphan—alone, and without kindred."

A sharp spasm shook her frame—the marble stillness of her face was troubled, but she recovered herself almost immediately.

"I am going to leave you, Winifred; and before I go, you must be provided with a legal protector. You are too young and beautiful to be left without a guardian."

"Well, father."

"My daughter, I am about to require of you an act of instant obedience to a wish I have never before expressed in your hearing. Within this room, before the lapse of another hour, you must become the wife of Milford Winthrop!"

Winifred staggered back like one stricken by rifle-ball; her face would be no whiter when the grave sods pressed down upon it.

"God forbid!" she ejaculated, in horrified accents.

"It is as I had expected. You are shocked at such unseemly haste. You think, perhaps, that Mr. Winthrop will share in that feeling. Let me assure you that you are mistaken. Months ago, he asked of me my daughter's hand, and I told him he must wait until you had time to love him. In this man I have full confidence; I would trust him with my life—I am not afraid to confide to him my dearest treasure—my Winifred. Knowing that you are his wife, I can die content—the grave will have no thorns for me. This is no senseless chimera of a fevered brain; it is the firmly grounded resolve of one, who, as a dying man, discerns all things more clearly, the nearer he approaches that country where we shall see no more as through a glass darkly."

The sufferer paused to regain strength; Winifred drew herself up resolutely.

"Ask anything but that, my father! Require my life, and it shall be given up to you! But this thing I cannot do!"

"You must do it, Winifred Atherton! There is no room for a single doubt at that point! I, your father, command it! By your fears of my dying curse, dare to disobey!"

"I must die, father! I would defy the powers of the infernal region, rather than perjure myself at the altar!"

Mr. Atherton fell back, a terrible change passed over his face. A deadly pallor settled on his lips—his eyes grew fixed and glassy. Winifred sprang forward with a bravery, and raised his head to her bosom.

"Speak to me, once more, father! Bless me—your little Winifred—before you go!"

He turned his face away from her, and moaned out, feebly—

"Little did I think my own girl would indict this grief on her old father! Little did I think that my death hour would be embittered by that child's disobedience! The few brief moments I have to live must be cut short; my

death hastened by the wilfulness of my only daughter!"

His words cut her to the heart. She fell on her knees by the bed-side, and cried brokenly—

"Do with me as you will! I cannot listen to such reproaches as these, and live!"

Mr. Atherton's face brightened; with one feeble arm he drew her head down on his bosom, and kissed her icy lips.

"God in Heaven bless my daughter! She will make her father's death-bed a couch of ease!"

Mr. Winifred came forward from the window where he had been standing, and took the cold, passive hand of the girl in his. At a sign from Mr. Atherton, a gray-haired, mild-faced old man advanced, and stood up before the waiting trio. This was the pastor of Belleville—a holy man who had grown old in the service of his Master; and for long years had he presided over the congregation that went to worship in the beautiful cathedral, at the foot of the village mall.

He had baptized their children; married their young men and maidens; and buried their dead, and the people loved him; therefore he was not sent away in his old age to the land of strangers, that a younger and more eloquent minister might sit in his place at the altar.

Gerard Middleton, pale and unaccountably agitated, arose to leave the apartment.

A look from Winifred stopped him. She went over to his side, and said—

"Stay with me, Gerard. Stay, and see me changed to stone. So merry and glad a wedding should not lack a groomsman."

And Gerard closed the door he had opened, and came back to the bed-side.

It was a sad and solemn ceremony. The bride in her robes of crimson; her face whiter than the lace on her bosom; her lips cold and passionless; her eyes brilliant and hard as polished steel. The bridegroom, self-sustained, handsome, and triumphant; the dying man propped up on his pillows to look at the strange sacrifice!

The words were said; the responses uttered in the clear voice of the girl, and the calm, assured tones of the man; the lips of the haughty Winthrop touched the brow of his wife—and the fervent blessing of the expiring man was pronounced in a feeble voice, upon the newly wedded pair.

The great clock on the hall stairs pealed forth twelve strokes; the wintry winds rose to a fierce blast in the tortured elm trees; and through the lonely aisles and corridors of the Hall the wind-voices sighed and moaned like tombless spirits!

And out into the night and darkness—out upon the unknown sea, whose waves wash the shores of Eternity, went the soul of Robert Atherton, to meet its Judge; while stark and motionless lay the earthly part, shrouded for the coffin rest.

During the three days preceding the funeral, while the remains of Mr. Atherton lay in state; Winifred Winthrop wandered about the darkened rooms, pale and stern as a Nemesis. Not a feature of her frozen face softened; not a tear dimmed the brilliancy of her glittering eye.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, was the body of her father committed. In a carriage covered with black pines, and drawn by sable horses she followed it to Mt. Auburn; she went down to the very door of the tomb, and saw the coffin laid by that of her mother; she turned away as the iron gate swung inward, and shut that beloved form forever from her sight—and not a trace of emotion disturbed the marble immobility of her countenance.

Why should she weep, and weary heaven with vain prayers? Was not her miserable fate decided?

CHAPTER IV.

The Seeress.

"Drip! drip, oh, rain!
From the sky beclouded caves;
Wait! wait! oh Wind!
That sweepest the withered leaves!"

Sigh! sigh, oh heart—
That vainly seeketh rest!
Moon, moon, oh heart!
By grief and care oppressed!"

Household Words.

ONE night more beneath the beloved roof of Atherton Hall—one night more of liberty—and then Winifred was to go forth from his blessed shelter, to dwell in the stately mansion of her husband. Maplewood was a seaside residence; a few miles above the ancient town of Plymouth; and so far away from Boston that Mr. Winthrop would not be at home more than twice a week, and for this, Winifred felt grateful. The slavery, she thought, would be more tolerable while the master was absent.

This last night in the halls of her childhood, she had dreamed solitude; her maid was forbidden to intrude; and she had asked of Mr. Winthrop, as a special favor, immunity from his society.

The night was bitter cold;—the snow fell fiercely from an angry sky, and the icy north wind whirled over the earth as though bent on an errand of destruction. For a couple of hours Winifred paced the chamber restlessly; at last she paused before a window, and throwing open the casement, leaned out into the darkness. The fury of the storm filled her with a wild delight. It was like the communion in her own soul. She threw a shawl over her head, and stepping into the corridor, listened intently to satisfy herself that the household was wrapped in slumber.

Then, she glided down the back stair-case; undrew the great bolts of the outer door softly; and emerged into the cold and gloom. The piercing wind made her shiver, but the freshness and freedom of its breath gave her a mad

strength, and she went on down the lawn, heedless of the drifts whose billowy whiteness obstructed the pathway.

On, and on, her hand pressed hard against her heart, she flew; she had reached the pine copsewood at the foot of the meadow, and was losing herself in its depths of shadow, when an outstretched human arm stayed her progress. A voice strangely familiar said—

"Winifred! Winifred! where are you fleeing?"

"Let me go! Let me go, Gerard Middleton! I am in no mood for company!"

"You shall not go until I tell you of the life wrecked and the heart broken! of the terrible agony which another than yourself is enduring! Oh, why, why had I not been born a peer, or you a pauper?"

"It was not so decreed. And wherefore ask that question? It could not have changed my fate!"

"Winifred, our stations in life are different; a wide gulf in society separates us; but before God we are equal. As a friend, as an equal, I ask you, do you love this man whom you have wedded?"

"Love him! It is desecrating the holy word of love to speak it in connection with his name."

"Winifred—I cannot call you by your new title—one query more. Deem me what you will. I must relieve my heart of this crushing burden of doubt. Loving him not, do you love another?"

His face was close to hers; the dark intensity of his eyes searched her countenance. She did not speak, but the moon burst through its treble veil of clouds, and the pure ray of light fell down on the burning flush which crimsoned the cheek, brow and bosom of the trembling girl. He was answered.

"For this moment, Winifred, I am happy. In loving, and being beloved, why should despair find a place to dwell?"

"In being beloved!" she cried bitterly—"has not the earth closed over the only one who loved me? Is not my path through life to lead me always over barren fields and streamless deserts?"

"None to love you! Would to Heaven, Winifred, that I could tear out my heart, and fling it at your feet, that, seeing all its anguished throbbing, you might be convinced!"

She comprehended him—she knew then how well and how earnestly she had been loved; for a moment the earth swam before her like a sea of glass—then all her woe and despair surged forth in two simple words—

"Too late!"

His arms opened to enfold her—they held her madly to his breast; his lips rained down passionate kisses upon her face.

"It might have been! Oh God! the difference!"

She tore herself away from him, and stood erect—her brow bathed in the liquid moonlight. She looked pale and cold as a chiselled statue.

"Gerard Middleton, I am a wife. My time of weakness is past; I am strong in the determination to do my duty! This love which might have created for us an earthly Paradise must, henceforth make us strangers! To-night, I bid you farewell forever!"

She held out her hand. He bowed his forehead upon it, and said—

"The decree is just! Farewell."

The next moment, Gerard Middleton stood alone; and through the snow and sleet, a dark figure made its hasty way up the avenue to Atherton Hall.

* * * * *

In the gray of the morning, there was a knock at the door of the tiny cottage which served Ruth Mowbray, both for a shop and dwelling house. Ruth was mistress of her trade now, and in business for herself, in a humble way.

The gentle mistress of the place unclosed the door, and admitted Gerard Middleton. She gave him a loving sister's greeting—the two were very dear to each other—and sat a chair for him by the cheerful little fire. She noticed his pale face, and abstracted air, but she was a true and faithful friend to him—therefore she forbore troubling with perplexing questions.

He gazed into the fire; she sewed diligently; both silent, yet both anxious. At length, he started up, and flung himself down on the chintz covered lounge—the only article of luxury which the frugal room contained.

"Ruth," he said impatiently—"put down that work, and come and sit here by my side. I have a confession to make."

She blushed, and her small hands trembled as she laid aside the garment on which she had been engaged. He drew her down on the lounge, and retained the hand he had taken. She did not shrink from the touch; she rested herself in the perfect and child-like confidence she felt in him.

"You will call me presumptuous; you will say my penitence is just; but oh, Ruth, I am very miserable!"

The calm blue eyes of the girl were lifted to his in earnest sympathy. She stroked back the bright hair from his temples, with her soft fingers—saying, simply—

"I am sorry, Gerard."

"Yes; I know you are, my child, and so I have come to you to pour out my distress. I am but a boy—nineteen years have but just passed over me, and yet I have all the strength and passion of manhood! I have awakened to the joy and sorrow of life—I have known the honey and gall of existence! I have loved!"

She started, blushed; and then turned white as December snow.

"I have loved one as far above me as the stars are above the earth! A proud, beauti-

ful, but tender-hearted girl! And for all her wealth, and pride, and beauty, she loved me in return!"

Ruth's disengaged hand shaded her face; she did not look up, as she said, "Well?"

"She loved me, but by the command of her father—her dying father—she wedded a man whom she loathed! My fate is black, but it is morning light compared with hers! Only think of it, Ruth; compelled to cling for life to one for whom she feels only aversion and hatred!"

"And you loved her, Gerard; you loved her deeply and strongly as you will never love again? You will keep unto her, and her only, so long as time with you shall endure!"

He marvelled at the singular brilliancy of those blue eyes; he wondered at the blush which made her cheeks like damask roses—but oh, so dull of comprehension is man—he understood it not.

"Yes, Ruth; I loved her thus! No other woman will ever enter into her place in my heart—no other footstep will wake the echoes of that sealed chamber, where her love is buried! Henceforth, I ignore the existence of Love; I live only for Fame and Fortune!"

His voice took a hard, stern tone as he proceeded, and his face looked cold and gray as hammered granite. Ruth, pale and silent, leaned against the wainscot. He went up to her, alarmed by her still rigidity.

"What ails you, dear Ruth? Why do you stand there so like a frozen thing?"

"I am cold—" she drew near the fire—"it is a bitter morning!"

"Yes, truly; and your arms are bare. Let me wrap this shawl around you."

"Thank you; and now, go on. I am listening."

"I have little more to add, except that I am going away—where I scarcely know; but I must flee from the place which holds her. I will not remain to tempt her and expose my own weakness! And now, Ruth, if in after years you shall hear men speak of Gerard Middleton as a cold, loveless being, you will remember that he once had a heart, but that a cruel fate took away its vitality and left it dead."

"Yes, I will remember."

"That is well. I must go now, Ruth, and God bless you. It may be a long, long time until I see you again! God, in heaven, bless and prosper you!"

He held her for a moment in his brotherly arms; kissed her cheek with affection; and went from the house.

And Ruth, staggering back to a seat, cried out in sharp despair—

"Yes; he said it would be a long time ere we met again! and so it will! the length and darkness of the grave lies between then and now!"

CHAPTER V.

The Wages of Despair!

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mid from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."
Hoop.

Growing up to youth together, it was not strange that Gerard Middleton and Ruth Mowbray should be tenderly endeared to each other. Both were orphans, both were poor—both were struggling through the world to obtain a subsistence by manual labor. It was but natural, then, that their attachment should be strong, and their regard for each other deep and steadfast.

With Gerard, this affection was that of a tender brother for a dear sister; with Ruth, it was the all absorbing passion of her life. She never thought of happiness where Gerard was not; never dreamed of a heaven from whence he was excluded.

Purely and entirely she loved him; her life she would have given, any day, to have saved him a pang; all her hopes and joys were centered around him. She never paused to think of the consequences of this ardent love; she would have blushed with veriest shame if it had been said to her, even in sport, "you love this Gerard Middleton."

Yet in her true and loyal heart, she yielded up all on the shrine of this earthly idol.

Fearfully had she been punished! The golden dream had vanished. The skies, lately so radiant, were gray and cold; earth stretched out before her a barren and dreary desert—there was no joy; no hope; no merciful grace there! Why should she stay to drag out a loveless existence in sorrow and tears? Why should her hair be blanched white by the weight of years, and her eyes grow dim with age before the sleep of the grave—its sweet, dreamless sleep came upon him?

She had not the courage to look the grim Future in the face! The faith was small; her trust in God's gracious Providence weak. She said to herself, she would go down to death, and thus rid her heart of its burden. There was rest in the dust.

There would be none to mourn for her; Gerard, perhaps, might shed a few tears, but they would dry soon, and her name would pass from his remembrance. One little plunge beneath the bosom of the sparkling river—a little chillness as the great change came on—a wondering of strangers over the drowned girl—and all would be over!

The night set in dark with storm clouds. There was a dull, sleety breeze blowing; the tempest of yesterday had spent its fury, but the skirts of its garments yet trailed over the earth.

Ruth Mowbray put her little room in order, trimmed the lamp, and lighted a fire in the chimney-place. You would have thought, from her scrupulous exactness, that a favored and welcome visitor was expected. When everything was arranged, she folded her shawl over her shoulders, and locking the door of the cottage behind her, she took the path through the snow, to the river.

She stood upon the high bank above the boiling flood—listened to the hollow murmur of the wind in the leafless trees, and the low gurgling voices of the waters as they hurried past.

A momentary trembling seized her;—a cold hand seemed clutching at the warm fountains of her life—but she conquered the emotion, for the grave was not colder than the world—the desolate, heartless world!

She lifted her hands to heaven and cried aloud:—"God receive me!"

The fatal spring was made—the earth crumbled from under her feet—the chill air from the river swept up and made her shudder—but she did not fall. A strong hand held her back—a grave, solemn voice said—

"Child! what would you do?"

"I would die!" she said, simply.

"Die! has God, then, called you? Do you dare to go unsummoned into the presence of the Ruler of Heaven and Earth—the Lord of Hosts, who has forbidden man to toy with the life which He has given?"

"I am weary and heart-sick, good sir; and the tomb gives a dreamless sleep."

"But the Hereafter! Have you thought of that? the terrible Hereafter! You are young and fair; your face is like the face of a child, why should you be weary of that life which you have just begun; and which strong men, buffeted by a thousand storms, cling to, so tenaciously?"

"I am wretched and alone. Not a tie of kindred; not a soul on whom I have the slightest claim for care or protection! I have none to counsel me; none to advise!"

"If you will permit me to stand to you in the place of a brother, I will be all that a brother should!" said the young man gently—but for comfort in this trial, through which you are evidently passing, you must look up to God, who alone can give peace to the troubled heart."

"I cannot look up! I have no courage; no strength!"

"Strength will come in answer to prayer, my sister; and not death, but life is the season for offering the petition. Will you come back to it?"

His friendly hand drew her away from the icy brink of the river; the strange persuasiveness of his voice brought a reaction of feeling to her sore spirit. She saw with measureless terror the frightful doom from which he had saved her.

"I will go back!" she cried, earnestly—"I will shrink from no evil! Only show me the way to light, once more!"

It seemed that he knew her residence, for he led her on up the path to the cottage which she had quit but a brief hour before. The lamp still burned brightly; the fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth. He seated her in a chair before the grate, removed her shawl with thoughtful care, for it was wet with snow; and then took a seat, himself, on the opposite end of the hearth.

During the space of silence which fell between these two so strangely brought together, Ruth had time to observe fully the face of her unknown guest.

This face was pale, a strict oval; its features finely, though delicately cut; the curve of the nostril indicated both firmness and courage, but the mouth was tender and beautiful as a woman's. The eyes were large and gray; the hair a soft, wavy brown, pushed back from a brow broad, thoughtful, and intelligent. It was a face of spiritual strength and beauty—the face of one who had lived and suffered.

The stranger spoke, at last, bending his head towards the girl.

"You are Ruth Mowbray! I recognized you at once, from having seen you, sometimes, at church. And I am John Rutherford, the pastor of Windfall."

She knew, now, to whom she owed her life—the eloquent young clergyman, whose burning eloquence, and wonderful powers of persuasion, had won so many weary ones to rest their burdens at the foot of the Cross.

She arose, and held out her hand to him. From the fulness of her heart she spoke—

"Sir, you have saved my soul from death. For this I thank you. During the day and night which are gone I have been mad—but I trust the frenzy is over. Sometime, to show you the truthfulness of my gratitude, and to prove to you that I had some cause for distress, I will confess to you what has never passed my lips. It will fill me with shame, yet I owe it to God for the sin I was about to commit against Him."

"Ruth, my sister, I ask of you no confidence which it is not your pleasure to give, but when you are saddened and oppressed, come to me freely, that I may share the weight of the burden."

He looked into her eyes with calm scrutiny—his hand was upon the latch, to go.

"You will be true to yourself—you will think of that terrible self-destruction no more! I can trust you."

He smiled upon her hopefully, opened the door and passed out.

And Ruth fell on her knees, and while thanking God that she had been taken from temptation, she prayed earnestly for that peace which passeth all understanding.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., March 16.—Stevens and Hazlett were hung at noon to-day. Both were firm and resigned.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Terms.—Single subscriber, \$2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, \$15.00, each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALDRIGHT.

Back Numbers.—We have repeated calls for the back numbers containing the "Partisan Chief," but, notwithstanding the large supply we printed, we have been out two weeks. We are now dating subscriptions from commencement of "The Lady of Atherton Hall." We print quite a number of extra copies of this story, yet the number is reducing very fast and by the time the story is finished not a copy will be on hand—if the demand continues to increase as it has the past few weeks. Those desiring to read this beautiful story will please remember this.

John G. Saxe, Esq.—We were much disappointed in not hearing this celebrated wit and lecturer, on last Wednesday, as previously announced.

The letter informing Mr. Saxe of the appointment, did not reach him, through some carelessness in the mails or those who had charge of them, before he left Chapel Hill. Mr. Saxe regretted it very much, and we are sure that our people did.

New Advertisements.—We would call especial attention to this department of our paper this week. The ladies will find that Mr. Weatherly has not overlooked their interest this spring, but has opened an establishment for them. We are glad to see this, and know the ladies will appreciate it too. Several Petersburg advertisements are also worthy of the consideration of our southern friends.

Lottery Swindle.—Our worthy friend, the Warrenton News says: "McKinney & Co., of Savannah, Georgia, having swindled us out of \$34, we caution the public against them."

We are generally willing to sympathize with every person who deserves it; but when an editor will advertise for a lottery he ought to be windled. The News has two or three other lottery advertisements in the paper and is thus helping them to swindle his patrons—which is wrong—even if they do pay him for their advertisements. They have served you right, friend News and we hope you may learn that they are all swindlers ere long and discontinue their advertisements.

Gody's Lady's Book.—This monthly is on our table for April.—We have noticed it so often and said so much in its praise we are at a loss to find words to express our opinion of the Book. We have always regarded it as the best Magazine in the Union for ladies. It is always ahead of all the others in point of time, beauty, fashion and favor with the ladies—so far as our acquaintance extends. We club Lady's Book and Times at \$4. The Lady's Book alone is worth \$3.

Russell's Magazine.—The triennial existence of this Charleston monthly has just terminated. March is its last issue. *Russell's Magazine* is dead. We have no sermon to preach to the South about it. Let those sermonize who refused to extend all material aid to it while alive—who wonder why Southern magazines all fail, and never take one—who rant about abolition publications, and subscribe to the *Atlantic Monthly*, &c.

American Stock Journal.—We have the first Number for 1860. Its contents commend it to the attention of every farmer and stock-grower, as it is devoted to the improvement of domestic animals. It is published monthly at 25 Park Row, New York, at one dollar per year; and each number contains 32 large octavo pages, handsomely illustrated. The engravings of the Improved Kentucky Sheep and other animals, in the number before us, are well worth the subscription price.

Dan River Confined Railroad.—The bill authorizing a connection between the Richmond and Danville Railroad, passed that body on Friday night by a very decided vote, receiving 118 votes, being 41 votes more than the constitutional vote necessary for its passage.

This bill, which does not appropriate a dollar from the public treasury, and is now a law, secures the commerce of the rich valleys of the Dan and Yadkin, to enrich Virginia roads and Virginia towns.

Richmond, particularly, will have reason to be thankful for an improvement so important and which is made so cheaply to her, ensuring so much to her future increased prosperity.

The Guilford Grays.—This young, but growing company were out on the 15th inst., their first opportunity of celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Guilford Court House. They will hereafter celebrate this memorable day as their anniversary, and will, by the time it arrives again, astonish the natives with something grand—if not before.

Stokes County Court.

This court convened at Danbury on the 12th instant. Being the first court of the year, the county business was taken up and disposed of on Monday. Taxes were laid; patrol committees for the militia districts, appointed; and the different county officers, elected. J. J. Martin was elected Chairman of the Special Court for the ensuing year, and Horatio Kelum and Joel F. Hill, associates.

The Hon. John Hill is the Clerk of this court and is a ready and excellent officer. Among the members of the Bar were Gen. J. F. Pindexter, Hon. Jas. T. Morehead, Hon. A. M. Scales, James R. McLean, John H. Dillard, William L. Scott, A. H. Joyce, Joseph Masten, Jasper Davis, John M. Cloud and Rufas K. Pepper.

The State Docket, in this county, is taken up before the Civil Docket. On Tuesday, no criminal cases of special importance were tried. On Wednesday, there was a case which excited considerable interest, the case of the State vs. Enoch Going. The State was represented by Mr. Solicitor Masten, and Going was defended by J. R. McLean and A. H. Joyce, Esquires. This was an indictment against the said defendant, who was charged in the bill as being a free negro, for migrating into this State from Virginia, contrary to our Act of Assembly. The defendant, through his counsel, denied that he is a free negro, and alleged that he is of Indian extraction. The Jury, on the testimony before them, acquitted him.

On the same day, Rowan Stewart and Harston Stewart, free negroes and brothers, were arraigned on the charge of having gambled with a slave, Calvin, the property of Alexander Martin. The State was assisted by J. R. McLean, Esq., and Mr. Morehead appeared for the defendants. The testimony showed that the free negroes and slaves played at a game of cards on the Sabbath day and directly on the side of a public road; that the three had liquor and were drinking; and that, after they were discovered by the witness, much abusive language passed between them, and that this ended in a fight. It was an aggravated case. The defendants submitted to a verdict of guilty and endeavored to beg; but the court, and very properly, sentenced them to thirty-nine lashes each, a fine of \$20 apiece, and to be hired out for the cost and fines, if not secured. These, however, were secured.

On Wednesday evening, the Civil Docket was taken up. There were several plain actions of debt, and some litigated cases. None of these, we presume, would be specially interesting to our readers.

Danbury is situated on the bank of the Dan, two miles distant from the Piedmont Springs and in the midst of the blue hills around the Saura Town mountains. Pretty much all the buildings are new, and the public houses of entertainment are well kept. Through the country are manifest traces of improvement in agriculture, especially in the growing of tobacco.

If that people can only get a railroad from Danville, passing through the rich lands of Town Fork, or near them, it will be a great stimulus to them to cultivate their lands still more highly.

To Correspondents.

Iva, "The Alien's Grave" and "Friendship," are beautiful pieces. The remainder disappointed as requested.

MISS ANNA M. BATES:—Yes, we have missed you; but we thought you were so busy in your new field, as Editress, that you had not the time. "A Simple Story," "The Night Elves," "A Song of the Flowers," and "Lost"—quite a treat. We will comply with your wish.

C:—Your solution appears this week. The Puzzle is good, but, owing to the difficulty of representing, it must be omitted. Thanks for your good opinion.

J. H. G.: A good article on the subject you mention will certainly meet with our approval. J. STARR HOLLOWAY:—"Among the Books" appears this week, and will look for promised articles. Wrote you a few days since. Another letter—just in time. All right.

LELA:—"Will the South be idle?" is quite patriotic, and we are glad to see the fair daughters of the South willing to defend its sacred soil.

Daily and Weekly Rough Notes.—We have received the prospectus of a paper of the above title, the publication of which will be commenced in Goldsboro about the first of May next, by Wm. Robinson & Son, Editors and Proprietors. It is needless to say to those who know Mr. Robinson, the senior editor, that it will be democratic in politics and edited with distinguished ability.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A VETERAN CLERGYMAN.—At the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Thomas Sewell presented a letter from the venerable Joshua Wells, who is now ninety-eight years of age. The letter contains many expressions of good will and brotherly love towards the members of the Conference, and entreats the members to refrain from the discussion of the slavery question, as nothing but harm to the church would result from such discussion. The Rev. Dr. Wells is the oldest clergyman living.

EXPLOSION OF A GASOMETER.

New Orleans, March 16th.—The gasometer of the St. Charles Hotel exploded last night, and set fire to the building, burning two men to death. The fire was extinguished before any considerable damage was done the building.

An old Story.

We have read somewhere a parable, (or it may have really happened) something like this:—There was a very pious man living in a country where the true and living God was acknowledged and worshipped. It appears that a stranger came to his tent and asked for lodging. He admitted him, as a Christian would do; gave him food—let him remain with him till morning. But finding the stranger gave thanks not to God, but to some deity of his own nation, this Christian man drove him out of his tent, beat him and sent him away. Thus evincing a spirit which prevails to this day. But as the story goes—the Lord appeared unto this pious old man and inquired after the stranger that lodged with him.—(Thus setting a good example to Christians.)

The old man told the story and expected, no doubt, to receive commendation for his zeal. But we are told the Lord was very angry with him, and said—who made you judge? Arise quickly, and go after the stranger, anoint his bruises and provide him with such things necessary for his journey.

If our memory serves us right, this occurred many years ago, but it read and pondered over it might be of service even in this age of christianity.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the citizens of High Point and surrounding country, held at the Masonic Hall, in High Point, on Wednesday, March 14th, 1860, Nathan Hunt, Jr., Esq., was called to the Chair, and David M. Payne appointed Secretary.

The Chairman explained the object of the meeting to be, to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased fellow-citizen, GEORGE C. MENDELHALL, who came to his death by accidental drowning, in Charlie River while on his way from Stanley Court, on Friday evening last.

On motion, a Committee was appointed, consisting of James H. Moore, Jacob T. Brown, and Dr. Robert C. Lindsey, to draw up and present resolutions for the erection of the monument. The Committee having consulted, reported the following:

Resolved, That the citizens of High Point and the surrounding country, have heard, with feelings of profound grief, of the death of one of our most useful and highly respected citizens, GEORGE C. MENDELHALL, who has been snatched from among us and consigned to the narrow house appointed for all living, and being desirous of giving public expression to the feeling of respect and esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, as a pious and devoted citizen, they have resolved to erect a monument to his memory. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of GEORGE C. MENDELHALL, society has lost one of its most useful members, the community in which he lived one of its most pleasant associates, the poor, one of their firmest friends, and his family a stay and support, that will be sadly missed and long wept; and that the community at large, have lost a public spirited citizen whose place, we fear, will long be unoccupied.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathies to the bereaved family of the deceased, assuring them that in their grief we bear a part, as in their sad loss we also are sharers.

Resolved, That a copy of these preamble and resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, by the Secretary of this meeting, and copies be furnished the High Point Reporter and Greensboro Patriot and The Times, with a request for publication.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.
NATHAN HUNT, JR., Chm.
DAVID M. PAYNE, Secretary.

MARRIED.

In Surry county, on the 1st inst., Mr. COLLEMAN KENNEDY to Miss ELIZABETH GILSON.

In Forsyth county, on the 5th inst., Mr. J. J. SHIELDS to Miss BETSY HOLMES.

In Surry county, on the 7th February, Mr. H. MARION to Miss PAMELA WHITAKER.

In Surry county, on the 9th inst., Mr. S. A. GRIFFITH to Miss M. J. FRONTELIN.

DIED.

In this place, on the 24th inst., Mrs. ELIZA HENNO, daughter of Joseph Sears.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 24th inst., Mr. J. P. PARKS, aged 22 years.

In Gaston county, on the 12th inst., Mr. THOS. GROVER, aged 35 years.

In Yorkville, S. C., on the 12th inst., Mrs. MARY JANE MILLER, aged 30 years.

In Rock Hill, S. C., on the 11th inst., Mrs. MARY S. HUTCHESON.

In Sumnerfield, in this county, on the 15th inst., Mr. CHARLES BARBARA HARRIS, aged 54.

In Sumnerfield, in this county, on the 17th inst., Mrs. MARY M. ALDRIGHT, widow of George Aldright, of Alabama; aged 70 years.

COMMERCIAL.

Northfolk & Boston, Can. Merchants.—March 15th. Flour—Family 1.00, Extra 6.50, Superfine 6.00. Receipts from North Carolina and other sources are good. We have advanced our prices. Holders are firm, as there has been an improvement in Northern markets. Transactions with us last few days are small.

WHEAT—Red and White 1.25@1.40.
CORN—Mixed and White 72@74, Yellow 75c. Arrivals are good, and with a good demand. Sales are made to extent of receipts, which exceed 100,000 bushels within the week. None on market unad.

PEAS—B Eye 1.10@1.15. But little enquiry for them. DRIED FRUITS—Apples 1.50; Peaches 75¢ to 40¢, 300¢ for 450 for peels, 200¢@300 for unpeeled. Apples sold at quotation. Bright peeled Peaches and halved unpeeled sell well. Supply moderate.

COTTON—8½¢@10½¢.
BEEF—20¢@32¢.
FLAXED—\$1 30
BACON—Western Shoulders 3c, Sides 11c.
STATES—Red Oak, hhd. \$30, White hhd. \$44, heading \$50, bbl. \$28.

Wilmington Market.

Turpentine—yellow dip 2.75, virgin 2.20, hard 1.60; Tar—per bbl. 2.00; Spirits—per gal. 43¢; Rosin—per bbl. 310 lbs. 1.40; Cotton—middling 10½¢, strict middling 10½¢, good middling 10½¢; Timber—per M. feet 8.00.

Richmond Market.

Tobacco—new lugs 2.50@3.00, old lugs 4.00@6.00, leaf 6.50@10; Wheat—Red 1.25@1.30, white 1.45@1.50; Bacon—sides 10½¢, shoulders 8½¢, old hams 10¢@11c, new hams 11½¢, sugar cured 12½¢@14½¢; Flour—superfine 6.00¢, extra 6.50¢@7.75; Corn—per bush. 75¢@80c; Oats—per bush. 60¢@72c.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by H. L. Cole, March 15.

Bacon 12@15c, best 4@5c, hams 25c, butter 15c, eggs 12@14c, candles tallow 2@4c, shad 25c, salmon 25c, spears 40¢@45c, corn 90c, meal 50c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 10¢@15c, flour 50¢@55c, flour 50¢@55c, molasses 40c, rails 6¢@6½¢, oats 45¢@50c, peas, yellow 75c, white 90c; pork 25¢, rice 7c, salt 25¢@26c, sugar, brown 10¢@12½¢, best 11c, crushed 14c, clarified 15c; tallow 12½¢@15c, wheat 11½¢@12c.

Petersburg Market.

Cotton—prime 10½¢, stained 8@8½¢, mixed 8½¢@9½¢, fair to good 10¢@10½¢; Wheat—prime white 1.50, red 1.45; Tobacco—per lb. common lugs 2.25¢@3.25¢, middling to fair 2.50¢@2.75¢, good 3.00¢, common leaf 4.50¢@5.50¢, middling 6.00¢@6.50¢, fair to good 7.50¢@10.50¢; Corn—per bush. 75¢@77c, Bacon—shoulders 90¢@95¢, Sides 11¢; Flour—city family 9.50.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—Read the following letter from Caleb Parker, Esq., of Concord, N. H., a man honored and esteemed by all who know him:

"Gentlemen:—With no disposition to make my name conspicuous, I take the opportunity to state to the public the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters, and to recommend them to others. For two years I have been troubled with indigestion and attendant evils, such as flatulency, constipation, nervous attacks of diarrhea, accompanied with water brash at the stomach, which reduced me in flesh, strength, and spirit, so that I was nearly unfitted for business. I applied to several physicians from whom I obtained only temporary relief. I concluded with the advice of friends, but without the least faith in their efficacy, to try the Oxygenated Bitters, from the use of which I found immediate relief, having no return of water-brash after taking the first portion. My weight has increased some thirty-four pounds, and my health is perfect. I can truly say that I consider the Oxygenated Bitters the best tonic extant. I have recommended them to several, who have invariably found great benefit from their use."

Very respectfully,
CALEB PARKER,
BETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by FOWLE & GORRILL, Greensboro.

AGUE CURE.—This is something of a science as well as a medicine. The supreme difficulty of this science is to accomplish its end without injury to the health—the supreme excellence of the medicine is in accomplishing just that. Fever and Ague has long been cured by Quinine, Arsenic, Bismuth, Mercury, but the mischief was the deep and often painful footprints they have left on the constitutions treated by them. Dr. AYER's new remedy cures without a particle of either of these or any other deleterious substance. And he promises not only absolute safety but perfect certainty of cure, with which we may mention another quality of excellence not to be overlooked in these times, and that is its low price, which puts this crowning glory of this art within the reach of all.—Herald, Lake Umbagog.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by FOWLE & GORRILL, Greensboro. mch24-2m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—The Times has an increasing circulation throughout the South and Southwest, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be inserted, at a low rate, for the first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In cases of advertisements of a permanent or long-term nature, a reduction of 50 per cent will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until failed, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for the first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

1860. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. 1860. A. WEATHERLY begs leave to inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he has received his stock of spring and summer hats and fashionable DRESS GOODS.

To the inspection of which he invites the public. Our Ladies Dress Goods consist of a full and complete assortment of all kinds of Dress Goods now in market, and a variety of Fancy Articles too numerous to mention. Dress Skirts, Ready Made Clothing, a good assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest and best styles. Also, an assortment of Groceries and Hardware.

As goods are generally cheap this spring, we hope to give satisfaction to all who may call. mch24-1f

TO THE LADIES.—A. WEATHERLY informs the Ladies of Greensboro and vicinity that he has opened, in addition to his stock of Dry Goods, a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

In his building, the office formerly occupied by the Farmers Bank, two floors above his store, and on the second floor, a large and complete stock of the latest and best styles of Ladies' Bonnets—crapes, lace, straw, hair, clip, band, and in fact every variety of bonnets; Mourning Bonnets always on hand. Misses' and Children's Hats and Hats, Shakers, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Ribbons, &c. Flowers, &c.

Having secured the services of Mrs. W. S. Moore, lady of much experience and great taste, and of the most arrangements with a Fashionable Milliner in New York to supply Bonnets during the season, we hope to please all, even the most fastidious. Mrs. Moore will always be found at the above establishment, where Bonnets will be trimmed in the latest styles and on the shortest notice. mch24-1f

CIGARS, CIGARS.—Over 400,000 of all grades and prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. A. BUTTS, JR., No. 82 Seymour st., Petersburg, Va. mch24-1y

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, CUMMERBANDS.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Cummerbunds, &c., which is now very fresh and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of the section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. JAMES E. WOLF, mch24-1y No. 17 Seymour st., Petersburg, Va.

A. BUTTS, JR., (Successor to S. H. Marks), wholesale dealer in Confectioneries, Nut-Fruits, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. 82 Seymour street, Petersburg, Va. mch24-1y

1860. SPRING STOCK. 1860. WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY.—The subscriber has received, and has for sale, the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sundaes, &c. &c. Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soap, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnoies, &c. &c. Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York. Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, JR. (Successor to S. H. Marks), mch24-1y No. 82 Seymour st., Petersburg, Va.

SEGARS.—Twenty-five thousand choice Segars just received, which will be sold wholesale and retail, cheap for cash. J. C. ARCHER & CO. mch24-1y

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter Goods, embracing everything in our line of business. Our stock of READY MADE CLOTHING is complete, and well selected; every garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also a large assortment of Cloths, Casimires and Vestings, which were selected with great care to suit the wants and tastes of all classes, and which we will make up in a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. We call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take great pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will recommend themselves upon inspection. 25-ly EVELAND & KIRKPATRICK.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & ALDRIGHT must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. mch24-1f

